

NO. 26.

The Dairy.

one. Corn should never be fed alone to the dairy cow.

The function of milk giving is maternity and the mother needs shelter, warmth and comfort.

Concentrate your efforts on a small area, thus economizing material and stock as well as labor.

Good and regular milking is of the utmost importance, as it develops the milk secreting organs.

It is very important that milk or cream is not exposed to anything which would contaminate it by absorption.

The dairy farmer should own the best land, milk the best cows, hire the best hands and make the best profit.

The churn should never be filled more than half full and then if the temperature is right it will churn easily. Butter will come much quicker some times than others, due generally to a difference in temperature; use a good thermometer.

Winter dairying affords a good opportunity to market all kinds of grain and roughness to a good advantage by feeding to the cows.

The process of gathering up low

uating the mass as to produce a clean, palatable article, is in the abstract a

gain to humanity, as is any process that economizes wastes, utilizes by products and perfects or increases the world's food supply; but when avarice impels weak mankind to sell the prod-

stuff is in many cases given to the con-

summer as fresh creamery butter, law is necessary to protect consumer, honest dealer and the better butter.

ors.—George M. Whitaker.

—

Good

TOBYA

News

We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

combined.

It is absolutely pure.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store
San Mateo County that **SELLS**
Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware:

Hats and Caps,
AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.
*Give Us a Call
 and be Convinced.*
M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. ++ ++

Wood and Coal. † † †

Cumbr Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,
South San Francisco, Cal.

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South San Francisco, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

There may be fights against shorter hours, but it's only a question of time.

Forest fires from locomotives are serious, but it is claimed another dangerous smokstack is the cigarette package.

The most prominent fact established as a result of Admiral Sampson's recent letter seems to be that his father was a ditch-digger.

The report is that the Kaiser's wound will leave a disfiguring scar on his cheek. But this can be retouched out in the photographs.

People in Texas are complaining of being killed by lightning. You have to know how to dodge quick if you play around where lightning has decided to strike.

An Eastern college professor recently lost the prize in a spelling bee because he failed on the word "unctuous." It was evidently too slippery for his tongue.

It is probable that Tolstoi can stand it if the church can. Ecclesiastical authorities can hardly do anything to detract from the popular belief in the sincere charity of the great Russian writer.

First, a young man thinks he can captivate all the good-looking young women he meets. Those are his salad days. Later on he succeeds in becoming "best man" to one of them. Those are his solid days.

That Englishman who says the college unites a man for the struggle of life has probably been drawing his conclusions from aspects presented by the football, tobacco sauce and spread-eagle reports alone.

"Mr. Carnegie," says Russell Sage, "is a very generous man, and I commend him for it." One of Mr. Sage's most noble traits of character is never to permit himself to show the slightest jealousy in the matter of generous giving.

The London critics are finding all sorts of faults in Mr. William Waldorf Astor's new book of stories. It appears that his refusal to permit the sale of his book in the United States is not any more of a deprivation for us than we had supposed.

Nowadays the burglar, sneak-thief or footpad gets along all right as long as his operations do not bring him in contact with those of the opposite sex. If there is a woman in the case the ruffian is inevitably held till assistance comes, and he is landed in jail. The American woman of the twentieth century is a great institution. What do we not owe to that muscle-creator, the bargain rush!

Military statistics indicate the constant decrease of illiteracy in Germany. Out of 147,917 men who went into the army in the military year of 1899-1900, only 187 men—less than an eighth of 1 per cent—were illiterate; and of the 5,614 who entered the navy, every one could read and write. This is a remarkable showing of the extent to which education prevails among the people, and also shows an improvement over former conditions.

There is a justice of the peace in Pennsylvania who deserves a banquet and a monument. The other day a wife-beater, accompanied by his bruised and disfigured helpmate, was hauled before the "squire." The brute laughed in the face of justice and called the magistrate upon the honored bench a vile name. The later had his coat off in a second, vaulted to the floor, and in less time than it takes to tell the story had the wife-beater's nose distributed all over his speaking countenance, both of his eyes closed, several teeth rattling around the courtroom and the culprit begging for mercy. That is exactly the sort of justice to preside over the trials of wife-beaters. May his tribe ever increase!

Some one recently declared that lynching, like murder, is growing to be a national habit. There is certainly some ground for the assertion. When the first burning of a negro at the stake in Paris, Texas, was announced, two or three years ago, a wave of indignation swept over the whole country. Several burnings have occurred since then, and the latest ones have hardly attracted public notice. Balle Crutchfield, a colored woman, was lynched near Rome, Tenn., because it was suspected she had stolen \$125 from a pocket-book. She and her friends declared she found the pocketbook and kept the money. The mob did not know whether she had stolen it or found it. As she had the money, that was sufficient cause for lynching, and the cowardly savages seized her, carried her to a bridge, shot her, and threw her into the river. When a mob kills a woman in this inhuman manner upon mere suspicion of a crime for which in every civilized community imprisonment is considered ample punishment, it is time to ask the question, "Is lynching becoming a national habit?"

Of all English writers on current political topics Henry Norman has the broadest and best-informed mind in so far at least as travel and a cosmopolitan spirit are concerned. In view, therefore, of Russia's present position as to China and the East, and her ap-

parently determined stand for dominance in Manchuria, this extract from an article by Henry Norman in Scribner's is suggestive: "It has been pointed out that the sea alone stopped the Cossacks in the seventeenth century, and when they got to work again in the nineteenth the Russians crossed the Pacific and pushed on to within a few miles of San Francisco long before the first 'prairie schooner' sailed over the plains. The map of Asia is a Russian stepladder; the Urals, Western Siberia, Eastern Siberia, Balkalia, Kamchatka, the Amur, Manchuria; the steppes; Khiva, Turkestan, the Merv oasis, Bokhara, Samarkand; these are the rungs she has climbed. Persia, Kashgar, Afghanistan, India itself—unless a mightier force than herself bar the way, her feet will be there, too, in the fullness of time. The 'half south' in her course is shown by the gradual descent of her naval base in the far East; Petropavlovsk, Nikolai, Vladivostok, Port Arthur. If you would understand Russia, and interpret the forecast aright, the march of great events, never forget that, for her, eastward the course of empire takes its way; that as the sap rises, as the sparks fly upward, as the tides follow the moon, so Russia goes to the sunrise and the warm water. This is what the history of Siberia strikingly illustrates, and it is from this point of view that the great Siberian railway derives its chief significance."

The rod as an educational and corrective agency in the public schools has been sustained by two Chicago judges. A few days ago Prof. G. Stanley Hall, in addressing a mothers' club, declared that Dr. Spunk is still as indispensable in a well-ordered home where children are being reared as he was in the days of Ben Franklin. The "new education," it is true, is relegating the rod to the limbo of obsolete things. The idea of restraint or correction has no place in the real up-to-date theory of child-training. From the schools this "new education" is spreading to the homes. It is based on the notion that the nature of a child must not be curbed. He must be permitted to follow the tendencies of the child nature, unhampered by rules or chastisement. A generation of young hoodlums and rowdies is the inevitable result of this theory when carried to an extreme in the home and in the school. Its baneful consequences are already perceptible in towns where it has been systematically followed out in the public schools. It breeds disrespect for authority, contempt for law, and general disregard for the peace and good order of a community and for the rights and feelings of others. Its fruits are seen in wanton destruction of property in the suburban towns, where the police are few and far between, and where boys are not supposed to need police surveillance. In these towns they enjoy all the advantages of the "new education." Recognition of authority lies at the basis of all rational training, whether in the home or the school. It is elemental in any proper scheme of preparation for citizenship. Behind this recognition of authority is the fear of punishment. Without punitive law there would be no civilization. This does not mean that children should be punished with unreasonableness or brutality. The rod is not always the best form of punishment. Neither should the natural expressions of the child nature be ruthlessly crushed. But the punitive factor in child training must not be abolished. If all disciplinary measures are to be abandoned in the rearing and education of children, government will soon become a farce—for behind all government is respect for authority.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

Better than Captain Kidd's—It Was Found.

One of New York City's most famous hosts in the early days of this century was John Hunter, of Hunter's Island, which is now a part of Pelham Bay Park. In the fine old mansion still standing on it, which he built, in 1807, for a country home, and in his town house at 7 State street, he entertained in a lavish and splendid manner, gathering often as many as forty guests at a time around his table. The silver that helped to make these banquets princely was as famous in its day as its owner's good cheer, and there was a story connected with it, too.

When John Hunter's father, Robert Hunter, who was a nephew of the Colonial Governor of that name, and a man of wealth, came to this country, he brought with him among his baggage an old iron strong box, which he kept in the State street home. At his death, his son, John Hunter, knowing nothing about it, and considering it too clumsy an article to be given house room any longer, packed it off to a storage warehouse with a lot of other stuff. It lay there for years forgotten, till finally the storage-keeper, taking a fancy to it, asked Mr. Hunter if he might have it. Mr. Hunter consented, but decided to have a look inside of it first. The key to it was not forthcoming, and a locksmith was sent for to force it open. Within were rows of canvas bags. Mr. Hunter picked up one of them; it fell to pieces, and Spanish silver dollars rolled over the floor. The chest was full of silver pieces. Mr. Hunter sent them to a silversmith and had them made into the service that is still to-day one of the finest in the country. There was a plateau for the middle of the table seven feet long, and every guest seated about it was served exclusively from silver dishes.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Life Insurance for Hotel-Keepers.

Germany has a life insurance association of hotel-keepers which in seven years has paid over \$300,000 to the families of members.

CHAP LOOKED GREEN.

HE PROVED NOT TO BE SO, HOWEVER.

Train Boy Short Changed Him, but He Had His Revenge Later—"Butcher's" Experience with a Well-Known Pinkerton Detective.

The "train butcher" will soon be like Othello, for the railroads are going to abolish him. As a matter of fact, his business has been growing beautifully for several years, and his disappearance was only a matter of time, anyhow. The "train butcher" is a sharp trader, a most insinuating talker, and wonderfully clever in some things that are not looked upon with favor by those who demand exact justice—and change. But despite his cleverness the "train butcher" occasionally gets bitten instead of being the biter.

Old residents of Missouri well remember the old State warrants issued during the war. They were dangerously like the greenback issued by the Government, and were a source of considerable amusement as well as of trouble long after they ceased to be worth anything. One day a verdant-looking youth boarded a Hannibal and St. Joseph train in Central Missouri, and the "train butcher" at once marked him as easy prey. But the passenger refused to purchase for a long time, only succumbing when the "butcher" made tempting offers. He bought a "Life of Jesse James" and tendered in payment what appeared to be a \$20 bill. Of course, the "butcher" was in a hurry to pocket the bill and short change the verdant youth, so he did not scan the bill closely. In making change he "held out" about \$16.45, and then hurried away, carefully avoiding the verdant youth for several stations. But "Mr. Butcher" soon detected the Missouri State warrant and hurried back to the verdant youth.

"Say, you gave me a phony bill!" said the train boy.

"What is that?" asked the passenger.

"A counterfeit; spurious bill."

"I guess not," drawled the passenger.

"Pap got it in a hos trade during the war, an' he's had it ever since until he gave it to me to go down to St. Looney."

"Well, you'll have to make it good," said the train boy.

"Is that so?" said the passenger, arising in his seat. "Well, how about the change you gave me? It was short about \$3.30. You tried to beat me and got left. I'm willing to compromise with you, however. I'll give you all your change back except \$3.30 and you give me back the bill. Instead of you working me for \$3.30 I'll just work you for that amount."

The train boy tried to bluff the passenger, but it was no go, so he accepted the compromise. A week later a passenger stopped him and said:

"I'll buy another 'Life of Jesse James' if you'll accept this bill and give me the right change."

The train boy started, looked at the passenger, and then smiled a sickly smile. He recognized not only the verdant young man of the previous acquaintance, but also recognized one of the smoothest detectives that ever worked St. Joseph for Pinkerton.—Omaha World-Herald.

HEALTHY SELDOM HUNGRY.

Stomach's Pangs Said to Be Felt Because of Imperfect Digestion.

"A thoroughly healthy person is never hungry." Thus says Dr. William Henry Porter of the Strathmore, who is a recognized authority on dietetics. Up to this date a huge appetite has almost invariably been considered as evidence of a good physical condition. Many persons will realize, after weighing the doctor's remark, that their great desire for food at certain times is a warning that all is not well with them. Dr. Porter supports his startling statement by some interesting explanatory facts. The healthy person does not slight his meals, it must be understood, but does ample justice to them. Yet not until he tastes the food before him, says Dr. Porter, does he realize the need of it. He could go about and forget his meal times but for the force of circumstances. The pangs of hunger are felt as an effect of imperfect digestion.

Dr. Porter gives some valuable information on the question which and of what kind shall be the principal meal—morning, noon or night. In speaking of this he said:

"As in the running of an engine, the most intensive consumption of fuel must be just prior to and in accordance with the amount of work to be performed; so, in a man, the time for taking, and the quantity and quality of the meal ingested, or the determination of the 'principal meal,' must be in harmony with the work to be accomplished. If the individual is to begin his daily labors between 4 and 6 in the morning and terminate them between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening it necessitates the taking of a good and liberal breakfast at an early hour in the morning, from a half hour to an hour before beginning active work, especially so if the last meal of the day previous has been a light one at 6 o'clock, as is the common habit of this class. Habits of this kind naturally call for the heaviest meal, which also may be called the principal meal, at noon, or near that hour.

"On the other hand, if the custom is to rise between 6 and 8 in the morning, and the largest amount of work is performed between 9 in the morning and the succeeding midnight, an entirely different arrangement of the meals must be followed. In this class a light breakfast is in order at about 8 in the morning; a stronger, more substantial meal at 1 o'clock in the afternoon

and the heaviest and what justly deserves to be called the principal meal should be taken from 6 to 7 in the evening, because this is more nearly in the middle of the working hours. When the labors are continued until midnight and the hour of resting is after this time a light meal should be taken at 11 o'clock.

"In any of the instances cited, if the foodstuffs taken have been easy of digestion, rapidly absorbed and oxidized, the fires will naturally burn low after several hours' sleep and abstinence from food. On the other hand, if the foodstuffs taken require considerable time for their digestion and are slowly absorbed and oxidized, the heat-producing supply may not be exhausted completely during a somewhat prolonged abstinence from food, or during the hours usually spent for sleeping."—New York Herald.

KNIGHTED BY FRANZ JOSEF.

Cleveland Man Honored by the Ruler of Austro-Hungary.

Emperor Franz Josef, of Austria-Hungary, has made Theodor Kundtz, of Cleveland, a knight of the Order of Franz Josef, one of the highest non-hereditary honors it is in the power of any European monarch to bestow. The decoration is highly prized because of its rarity. There is said to be but one other in the United States, that having been conferred on Dr. Gerster, of New York, in 1893, for his work in assisting Hungarian immigrants who reached New York destitute.

The insignia of the knighthood is a medal or badge bearing the imperial crown of Austro-Hungary and the name of the order, together with the individual number of the person on whom it is conferred. The decoration is about two inches long and an inch and one-



THEODOR KUNDTZ.

half wide, is made of gold, and is of the finest workmanship. In decorating him with the order of Franz Josef the Emperor gave to Mr. Kundtz the right to the use of the prefix "sir" as a title before his name, this being the European custom, but Mr. Kundtz says that he will not avail himself of this right. He will not call himself "Sir Theodor Kundtz."

Some years ago, when Count Hagenmuller, Austro-Hungarian Minister to the United States, was in Cleveland for a visit he was entertained very lavishly by Mr. Kundtz, and it is thought Mr. Kundtz's knighthood may have been solicited by the Minister. The decoration was sent through the Austro-Hungarian consul at Pittsburgh. With it was merely a formal letter announcing that the honor had been conferred by Emperor Franz Josef.

During all the years that Mr. Kundtz has been a prominent and successful manufacturer in Cleveland he has done a great deal to assist his less fortunate fellow countrymen. He has given much money to hospitals and other charitable works. Last summer he made a business and pleasure trip to his native land, and it is thought he contributed to some of the charities there. The decoration is one that is not given to those who seek it.

Farm Names Have Value.

"It is a wonder to me," remarked the dairyman as he sold a lot of eggs that came from a farm whose name is known all about this section for the excellence of its products, "that farmers do not name their farms more frequently and so establish a sort of trademark for their produce. They would do it, I am sure, if they only knew how much it adds to the value of the stuff they send to the markets. I have scores of customers who will buy only milk, eggs, chickens or other produce they want that comes from a certain farm and is so stamped.

"There are a score or more of gentlemen farmers who appreciate this, and who have given fanciful names to their places and so at once added to the value of their produce. It also adds at once to the value of their property, for the name very quickly becomes known, and people who are looking to buy country places are willing to pay more for one that has an established name and reputation. Now, Jones' farm or Smith's farm does not mean anything to the average buyer, but call it 'Edgewood,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'Lookout' or any other fanciful name and it at once obtains a market value it never had before and without the expenditure of a penny. It is a queer short-sightedness that has led farmers to overlook this, for they are usually shrewd enough in other respects. If they would name their farms and furnish good stuff from it for a couple of years they would find that the value of their property had doubled in that period."—New York Times.

A dog has to have a fight about so often to be healthy.

ARE A GREAT PEOPLE.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE OF AUSTRALIA

Environment Has Made Them Aggressive and Broad-Minded Compared to Englishmen—That Is Why They Seek to Participate in World Politics.

"Strong from the outdoor life they lead and from contention with the difficult conditions that have confronted them, the Australians as a people have become tall and straight like their gum trees, broad-shouldered, deep-chested and wiry. They are clear of eyes and skin, of remarkable soundness and whiteness in their teeth, of luxuriant, fine-textured hair. Bertillon says: 'When you see these characteristics generally marked you may know you are in the presence of a great people.' "Magnificent distances stand before them wherever they travel within their own country, and the long travel develops endurance and calm power against adversities as well as the gift to laugh at the smaller difficulties and embarrassments of every-day life. The £40,000,000 worth of products which the country exports annually to England comes chiefly from the vast interior, and there hundreds and hundreds of men dwell in stations separated by days of journeying. There, in lonely isolation among millions of gum trees, they tend flocks of sheep numbering upwards up 200,000 per flock. There among the far-stretching hills and mountains they round up ranges bearing 15,000 to 30,000 head of cattle. And the life that these men lead leaves its impress upon the nation.

"Men who dwell in the interior of Australia are ever in the presence of valleys, plains and gorges stretching in all directions, with mountains pushing upon mountains till, in the hazy distance, they are lost in the skyline—no man's land, desolate, untenanted; theirs if they want it, only most of them already have more than they know what to do with. The immensity, the colossal expansion presided over by an almost awe-inspiring stillness, become either maddening or sublime, according to the temperament. Curiously enough it is usually the sublimity that prevails.

"Another effect, and one which plays equally strong in shaping the qualities of the nation, has arisen from contact with the wilderness. The Australians that lived in great solitudes could not afford to be exclusive. They felt out for a hand. Their hospitality was eager. The bush was open house. Thus his environment forced away inherited exclusiveness and the Australian became a different man from the Briton—broader, franker and more unselfish. He has outgrown repression and the sense of superiority. He has had enough experience to give him a wholesome sense of humor. He has worked hard enough to appreciate relaxation. He has borne into the new land the liking of his home country for sport, but he has followed it on a broader scale. He has his horse races, as in England; but he has his kangaroo hunts, which make the hare hunting of England seem like schoolboy's play.

"Life to the Australian is as his continent. There have been times when both life and the continent were hard to hold, but the probation period is passed. Australia for Australians has become an unchanging impulse of all the people. The inhabitants have come to realize that the power to grow, to spread their influence beyond the country's borders—in other words, to assume nationality—is now theirs. "Aspirations above mere money-making have been generated. Australians feel the desire to rub against the people of other countries, and to test the gifts and acquisitions of their long struggle in the redemption of the continent. In other words, political ambition has arisen. The federation is the means chosen to realize that ambition.

"The people of Australia love the home government and presumably never will separate from it; but they have become sufficiently important to possess the autonomy and the practical participation in governing which belong to a state that is an integral part of any central government. Prior to the federation their governors were appointed in Downing street. Their legislators had no personal voice in Parliament. They themselves had no equality or intercourse with the great political centers of the world. All these developing responsibilities were cut off from them—responsibilities which, above all other things, are needed to awaken into action the highest intellect and the strongest judgment of a people. The Australians aspired to become a factor in the decision of world problems."—Ainslee's.

An Unknown Genius.

A Bernville man has discovered a plan to get a hog back into a pen via the aperture through which it passed out. His recipe in substance is: Get the hog's nose at the hole in the pen, then pass around behind the hog carefully, get hold of his tail and pull back as hard as you can. The animal will think you want to prevent it from going in, and makes a leap to its old place.—Birdsboro (Pa.) Dispatch.

In Danger of Extermination.

Arizona newspapers declare that deer, antelope, and mountain sheep will soon be exterminated there unless immediate steps are taken for their preservation. A frugal housewife says there isn't much venison in market, but there is plenty of deer meat. Tell your pipe stories to the plumber. He enjoys them.

HOW DEVIL ANSE WAS FOOLED.

Detectives Who Knew How to Win the Old Man's Hospitality.

"When I went with a surveying party into the Tug River country in West Virginia, several years ago, there were doubts as to whether the natives would let us stay," said F. C. Albright, a civil engineer. "In general it was taken for granted by the mountaineers that any stranger who crossed the dead line, where the mountain district begins, was an enemy, a revenue officer or sheriff, whom it was their duty to pot for the public safety. But shortly before our coming the United States marshals had made some impression on the district, and inspired a respect for government. The mountaineers regarded our surveys and railroad building as part of the government, and accordingly did not molest us.

"All are hospitable, and, like the Arab, the mountaineer regards the stranger who has eaten his salt as being under his protection. This brings me to a story of Devil Anse Hatfield and two of our railroad detectives. Devil Anse, as you probably have heard, is the patriarch and leader of the Hatfield clan. He lives in his fortified house on Island Creek, with six or seven armed men always there as a guard. Somehow the two detectives had got the ill will of the Hatfields, and an ambush was laid for them. The detectives got wind of it. They knew the country and the people, and decided on the only thing they could do. Leaving the road, they made a detour behind the men in ambush, and rode straight to the house of Devil Anse Hatfield. As luck would have it, the old man was away, perhaps superintending the ambush, and they got to the house and within the door without being fired at. They set their rifles in a corner, hung their belts and pistols against the wall, sat down, and asked for something to eat. When Devil Anse came back the women had fed the detectives, and as they had eaten bread beneath his roof there was nothing for the old man to do but play host with the best grace he could show. He made the best of the matter, gave the men the best supper and breakfast that the house afforded, and fed their horses. The next morning he sent them with a guide by an out-of-the-way path out of the country.

"He'll see you safe," said Devil Anse at parting. 'If you took the main trail you'd likely meet some of my folks and I reckon they'd turn their guns loose without stopping to ask where you've been.'"

RECENT INVENTIONS.

To temporary seal pitchers and other liquid holders a German has designed a bale having an eccentric over the center of the cover, with a lever on the eccentric, which is turned to tighten it after the bale is drawn over the top of the jar.

To prevent bicycle tires from wearing out where the brake is applied a Canadian has designed a tire with a strip of waxed canvas or similar material, to be placed on either side of the tread, the brake block being divided to engage both of the strips.

In an improved closure for jars and bottles the cover has a recess in the top, with a piece of wire bent into a loop at the center, with the ends curved to pass over a ring on the neck of the bottle, pressure on the under side of the cover serving to tighten the wire.

To prevent trolley wheels from slipping off the wire in passing around curves a new pole has a ring set in the end, the wheel shaft being mounted in the center to turn with the ring and cause the axis of the wheel to remain at right angles with the wire.

Boats are propelled without the use of oars by a Western man's device, consisting of a paddle wheel mounted in a hood at the rear of the boat, to be revolved by a series of foot levers in the bottom of the boat, connected by rods to the ends of the wheel shaft.

In a newly patented driving gear for bicycles the pedals are used as levers to pull forward two rods which have teeth cut on the under faces to engage toothed wheels carried by the rear hub, the rods being returned by springs after each downward stroke of the pedal.

A new latch mechanism for doors has the knob spindle mounted loosely in the casing to allow it to slide in and out, with a V-shaped slot in the center, in which the latch fits, a push or pull on the knob sliding the slot along and drawing the latch into the door casing.

To prevent trousers fraying out at the heel a guard has been designed, consisting of a curved plate adapted to be included in the fold of the bottom of the leg, with a number of puncturing teeth at the lower edge, which extend through the cloth and protect it from wear.

Notice.

A sign which was productive of much discussion was read by the patrons of a small laundry establishment in a Massachusetts town.

It was printed in large letters on a piece of brown paper, and pinned to the door of the shop. It ran thus:

"Closed on account of sickness till next Monday, or possibly Wednesday. I am not expected to live. Shall be unable to deliver goods for at least a week, in any case."

Handy for a Chemist.

Salina (to Dorothea, noted for her readiness for repartee)—Ah, dear, it's a lucky thing you are going to marry Professor Theonine. A chemist will find you very handy.

Dorothea—What do you mean, Salina?

Salina—Why, you will always have a retort ready for him, you know.—Judge.

BOYHOOD'S HAUNTS.

How I'm going back to where
We were youngsters. Meet me there,
Dear old barefoot chum, and we
Will be as we used to be—
Lawless rangers up and down
The old creek beyond the town,
Little sunburnt gods at play,
Just as in that faraway
Water nymphs all unafraid,
Shall smile at us from the brink
Of the old mill race and wade
Toward us as we kneeling, drink
At the spring our boyhood knew,
Pure and clear as morning dew,
And, as we are rising there,
Doubly d'w'd to hear and see,
We shall thus be made aware
Of eerie piping heard
High above the happy bird
In the hazel, and then we,
Just across the creek, shall see
(Hah, the goatly rascal!) Pan
Hoof it o'er the sloping green,
Mad with his own melody,
Aye, and (bless the beastly man)
Stamping from the grassy soil
Braised scents of fleur-de-lis,
Bonnet, mint and Pennyroyal.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

ALOVERS' QUARREL.

BOB JAMIESON stamped around his room, dropped his favorite pipe, said something unmentionable, and picked up his cap.

He paused for want of breath, his eyes flashing, his nostrils dilating—with calm contempt, it is to be supposed.

"No, my dear Dolly. I dare say you will be expecting me to come and apologize, and implore you to come out on the river with me, but you'll have to send for me first."

With which noble display of independence Robert Jamieson flung out of his room and down to the river, metaphorically patting himself on the way, and all the time dreading the blank in his life which he would feel as soon as his rage should cool down.

Dolly Parsons put on her prettiest white frock and a picturesque sun hat.

"If Mr. Jamieson calls, tell him I am out," she said to the maid. "I am going on the river."

She told herself this last piece of information was for the benefit of the servant, in case she required to know.

"When he comes and finds me gone he will be furious. I will take my canoe and stay out till quite late. I'd love to frighten him thoroughly."

Miss Parsons' bright, brown eyes flashed a little. A faint flush appeared on her pretty cheeks—it was a flush of anger, but it was eminently becoming. She looked maddeningly pretty as she sat in her canoe and paddled away upstream. It was a glorious afternoon, and the river was looking its best; but Dolly Parsons' eyes were not filled with appreciation of the beauty around her. She repeated to herself again and again the horrid things Bob had said.

"No, she would not forgive him for a long time; it would not do; the circumstances were too aggravated. He would be coming back expecting her to forgive everything—some girls must be so silly, but he would find she was made of different stuff."

And all the time she knew that she dared not let her anger cool, for a horrid, absorbing pain would fill her heart at once, and a wretched feeling of loneliness and depression, and she hated to be unhappy.

She paddled on and on, until the other boats were all left behind. She was very tired, but she would not stop. Her mind was made up on one point: she would frighten Bob Jamieson into an appreciation of her worth.

It was almost twilight when she turned to go home; the river seemed to have suddenly become lonely and depressing; the sun had gone down and a chill wind had sprung up. Dolly paddled fast and splashed the water over her pretty frock, and grew cross and miserable. She had quite expected Bob would have followed her to "make it up"; she had decided how long she would keep him in suspense, and how, at last, to forgive him.

A clock in the distance struck 7. Dolly paddled faster and faster, though she was so tired she hardly knew how to go on. She looked anxiously along, when swiftly around the bend she had just cleared shot another boat, close in her wake. It came so swiftly it was almost on her before the sound of the oars made her glance up; it came so close that her cry to "look ahead!" came too late.

She screamed with alarm and missed her stroke. The man in the other boat looked around with annoyance written on every feature, and then before he could back water, the impetus of his last stroke brought the nose of his boat with a crash into the stern of her canoe, which filled and sank instantly.

"Bob! Bob! Help!" But before the cry was past her lips Dolly had gone under.

"Great Scott! It's Dolly!"

In a second Bob had sprung into the water after her. A stupefied face rose above the surface and two hands struggling wildly to clutch something; then she sank again. In desperation Bob made a wild plunge down, and this time caught a bit of her sleeve. It was barely enough to support her by, but having got a hold he made the most of it and managed to keep her up until he could grasp her firmly, then by degrees he drew her to the bank, and in time managed to lift her into his boat, which fortunately had drifted to the bank. She was conscious again by that time, and he laid her in the boat and wrapped his coat about her. She was not really hurt, only overcome with the shock and weariness; but she looked a very pitiful and forlorn little creature as she lay shivering in the bow while Bob pulled as quickly as he could to the

CHARLES M. SCHWAB, ELECTED PRESIDENT OF GREAT STEEL COMBINE.

From salesman in a country store at \$5 a week to the presidency of the greatest steel-manufacturing concern in the world, with a salary unparalleled in the business world and about \$50,000,000 in stocks and bonds, is the record of Charles M. Schwab, who is the head of the new \$1,000,000,000 steel trust formed by J. Pierpont Morgan, Carnegie and others. And all this came with less than twenty years.

In Williamsburg, Blair County, Pa., Mr. Schwab was born Feb. 18, 1862. Ten years later the Schwab family moved to Loretto, on the crest of the Alleghany mountains, where "Charley" was sent to school to the Franciscan monks who have a college there. He fancied engineering and took a scientific course. At the age of 18 he left the institution to make his living and came to Braddock, where some friends from Loretto had located. He obtained employment in Dinkey's general store, which was not far from the Carnegie steel works.

Past the store on his way to and from the mills came Capt. William R. Jones, at the time general manager of the works. He stopped in the store to buy tobacco and noticed young Schwab. The latter seized the opportunity of acquaintance with Capt. Jones and the latter offered him a position.

In 1881 Schwab was made chief engineer and assistant manager of the Braddock furnaces and steel works, and held the place until 1887, when he was sent over to Homestead as superintendent. He was there when the first Homestead strike occurred in 1889.

In spite, though, of her plight, her spoiled clothes and general discomfort, she did not feel as depressed as she had been before the plunge, nor did the world seem so utterly devoid of happiness.

"Bob," she said, after silently watching him for some moments. "Bob—why were you up the river so late?"

"Why were you?" answered Bob, not without embarrassment.

"Will you tell me if I tell you?"

"Yes," he said, his color heightening.

"Well, I was angry with you, and I wanted to—frighten you."

"You carried your scheme to perfection, dear."

"But, Bob, I didn't—oh, Bob," in a great state of consternation; "you can't think I fell in on purpose?"

"No, dear; I am quite convinced of that."

Dolly looked at him thoughtfully for a moment.

"Bob," she said, severely, "what do you mean?"

"Well," he answered with conviction, "young women don't put on their prettiest dress when they contemplate a dive."

Dolly had the grace to blush.

"My poor dress!" she said, dolefully; "and I was looking so nice when I started," she added, regretfully. "I must be a fearful fright now, though," with sudden consciousness. "Am I, Bob? Do I look very dreadful?"

"I have seen you looking better, darling."

Dolly's brow puckered again.

"Now tell me why you were up here so late."

Bob did not answer; he seemed deeply interested in something on the bank.

—American Queen.

Blaine's Wonderful Memory.

Speaker Henderson told a Washington Post reporter a good story of one of his initial experiences among public men in Washington. It was before he had been elected to Congress, probably twenty-five years ago.

Blaine was then Speaker. Naturally he was one of the statesmen that General Henderson much desired to meet, and the opportunity came of a morning, just as the Speaker was passing through the lobby on his way to the marble rostrum. The formal greetings were exchanged in a brief moment, and General Henderson was left to see the swinging doors close on the form of the Republican leader.

Six years later General Henderson again came to Washington, this time to get Iowa divided into two judicial districts. He put up at Wormley's, where Blaine also lived, it being in those days a fashionable and flourishing hostelry.



CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

When John G. A. Leishman, at present minister to Turkey, resigned as president of the Carnegie Company in 1897 Mr. Schwab, who had been elected a member of the board of managers of the company the preceding year, was chosen president. At that time H. C. Frick was chairman of the board of directors and the active head of the company. When Frick left Mr. Schwab was given the chairman's duties. He filled them so successfully that when the business was reorganized last spring Schwab was elected president of the Carnegie Company, the capital stock of which had been increased to \$160,000,000.

A week or so after his arrival from Iowa, as General Henderson was entering the dining-room, he met Blaine, after having passed and repassed him many times. The Maine man grasped him cordially by the hand, called him by name and inquired about Iowa.

"I had heard of Speaker Blaine's wonderful faculty for remembering names," says General Henderson. "When I had seated myself at the table I beckoned to the head waiter.

"Hasn't Mr. Blaine asked you my name?" I said to him. "Now think hard and be sure of your answer."

"Yes, sah," replied the waiter. "He done called me ovah las' night an' asked yo' name an' all about yo'. I told him yo' was Mistah Henderson."

Brings Money on a Barrow.

Old George Todd made his regular visit to Syracuse, N. Y., one day last week. He walked into town pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with money. The wheelbarrow was loaded with money, as were also Mr. Todd's coat and trousers. The old man, who is 80 years of age, has visited Syracuse regularly every year since 1870. He always comes loaded down with coin which he deposits in the Syracuse banks, having a large account with three of them. He claims to live in "Four Corners," Canada, and all the money he deposits is Canadian, so that he is apparently telling the truth. He dresses like a tramp, his ragged overcoat being pinned together at the top with a safety pin and his trousers fastened at the sides with twine. On his feet he wears felt boots surmounted with heavy felt boot heels. He talks to nobody in Syracuse except the bank officials, and after completing his business disappears as mysteriously as he comes, not to be seen again for another year.

Some Standards of Beauty.

The Sandwich Islanders estimate women by their weight. The Chinese require them to have deformed feet and black teeth. A girl must be tattooed sky-blue and wear a nose-ring to satisfy a South Sea Islander. Certain African princes require their brides to have their teeth filed like those of a saw.

When a woman goes away on a visit, up to the time she reaches 60 her letters home indicate that the men are paying a great deal of attention to her, and her husband has cause to be jealous.

WHY THE TWAIN DISPUTED.

John Bull Thought of Bill, the Clerk of Leeds, England, offering to pay his bill.

"How much?" asked Arthur P. Raglan of Leeds, England, offering to pay his bill.

"Nine pounds," answered Clerk Howard L. Dailey of the St. James Hotel, smiling and bowing.

The eyes of Mr. Raglan, which had shone pleasantly, now glared, and his yellow mustache curled up perceptibly as astonishment contracted his upper lip. "Why, it was only last night—" "No," corrected Mr. Dailey, still beaming proudly over his desk at Mr. Raglan, "yesterday morning at 1 o'clock."

"But I tell you it was last night at supper time," persisted the Briton, his voice rising into a roar.

"Well, I reckon I ought to know," retorted Mr. Dailey indignantly.

"Indeed. And dayton't you think I ought to know something about it?"

"You? Why, what the devil have you got to do with it? It's my baby, and it's a girl, and it weighs nine pounds," came back the clerk, his own "dander" rising higher.

"Nayow, did anybody ayver hear the like?" exclaimed the Englishman, apostrophizing the world at large. "Here I come and put up ayover night. I'm ready to start and I ask the amount of me bill and this fayflow charges me nine paydowns—\$45—and when I tell him I've been here since last night and he disputes me wayord, tells me I've been here since yesterday morning, and when I tell him I knoway better, he begins to talk aboutot girl babies instead of me bill."

"Who said anything about a bill?" demanded Mr. Dailey.

"Why, I did, you blockhead—I'm endeavoring to talk aboutot it nayow."

"But I'm speaking of my baby, my little girl, first, you know—"

"Oh, blow your baby!" cut in the Britisher. "I want to pay me bill."

"Oh, I see," said the clerk, blushing furiously. "All right," he added, anger rising in him again, "pay your bill, but don't tell me to blow my baby. I won't stand that from any man."

"Nor will I stand a charge of £9 for a night's lodging and a breakfast," returned Mr. Raglan.

The new and deeply injured father said no more, but collected \$1.50 and the Englishman went out humbly.

"I haven't got any prejudice against Englishmen," remarked Mr. Dailey bitterly to the sympathetic bellboy who came to answer a ring for hot water, "but if ever I saw a more heartless and unfeeling wretch than that it was in a dream."—Denver Post.

THIS BRIDE WAS WON AT THE SIEGE OF PEKIN

Cupid braved the dangers at Peking, where Mary Conger Pierce, niece of Minister Conger, lost her heart to Lieut. Harold Hammond, of the Ninth Infantry.



MISS MARY CONGER PIERCE.

try, during the siege. In the midst of war and disaster the courage displayed by Miss Pierce and the witchery of her lovely face completely captivated the brave lieutenant. Before the Congress left China a betrothal dinner was given in their honor. Miss Pierce is an orphan, and comes from Rushville, Ill.

Spending Is Sometimes Saving.

The true end of statesmanship is to promote the greatest public welfare, whether this means saving dollars or spending dollars. When economy will contribute to this welfare economy is good, but where it will cripple some important branch of public service then economy is bad; and the public official who tries to make a record in defiance of this fact is no real friend to public welfare. Where sinecures exist, or useless political "job" commissions, or where waste occurs by poor organization of the service, then economy and reorganization are in order; but where important work would be less effectively done by arbitrarily abolishing offices and reducing the number of employees, then the path of statesmanship is to point out the grounds for distinguishing between the two cases and shape policies accordingly.—Guntton's Magazine.

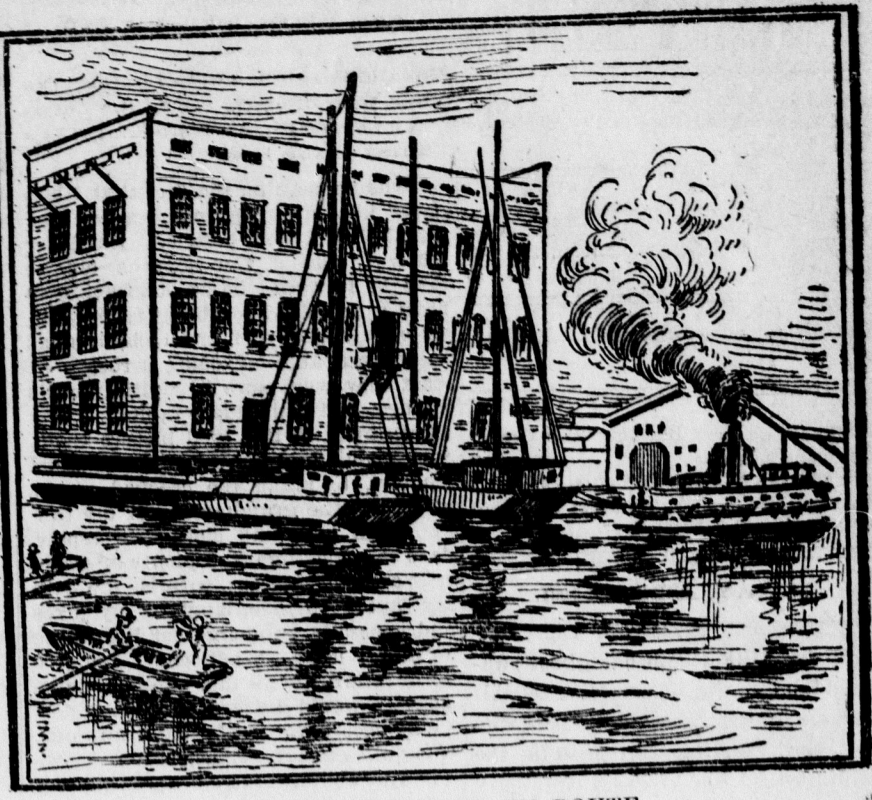
Lasting Qualities of Wood.

The navy department recently concluded some tests for the purpose of demonstrating the lasting qualities of wood used in warships treated with the fireproofing process. Samples taken from the torpedo-boat Winslow were employed in the tests. They had been in use for five years. The report showed that the wood had lost none of its anti-fire qualities.

Rebecca at the Well isn't as interesting a picture to most people as one would be of the Plumber at the Hydrant.

Many a man is toasted who needs to be roasted.

SAILING A FOUR-STORY HOUSE TWO MILES DOWN A BAY.



THE BIG BUILDING EN ROUTE.

To move a large house two miles over an expanse of water is an unusual thing. It was successfully done at East Braintree, Mass. The Fore River Engine Company had a fine wooden four-story building, at the old Braintree works now in process of dismantlement, in which were situated the designing, draughting, construction and government officers' offices. This they wished to remove to the great new yard which is being established at Quincy Point, where the cruiser Des Moines is building. The edifice is 80 feet in length, 30 feet wide, and 40 feet high. It weighs 100 tons. With the great height and general unwieldiness of the thing, to say nothing of the tremendous broadside offered to the wind, a very tidy job appeared ahead.

The building was first skewed around broadside to the river, where two big lighters were moored at the dock, end on. Then it was slid over onto the lighters, which in the meantime had been rigidly bound together, with some fifteen feet of space between them. The rising tide floated all clear, and then calculations were proved to have been right, for everything sat as steady as a battleship.

In the meantime, two puffing, blowing little tugs were impatiently waiting for the start. The lighters, with their topheavy burden, were cast loose too soon, and there was a pile of yelling and ordering and hustling and swearing, but for all of it, the big mass of wood started off as nicely as you please, and the way she started down stream was a sight to see.

The house was moved sideways, of course, the lighters going straight ahead. This made the whole "craft" just eighty feet wide, and as the space between the light ship, at the dock, and the other side of the river was scarcely 100 feet wide, it can be seen what a nice matter the start of the journey was. But neither the shore nor the lightship were so much as grazed. The building spent the night on the lighters, and was shoved off to land next morning.

EXPLORATION IN THIBET.

Seeing the Mightiest Group of Mountains on Earth.

Interesting details of Sven Hedin's researches in Central Asia are contained in a letter from the explorer to a friend in Copenhagen. The writer declares that last summer proved the most fruitful period of his journey.

"We broke up from Tjimen," he says, "on July 20, in order to explore the unknown regions of the north of Thibet. The journey there and back to our headquarters occupied ninety-three days. We covered 1,559 kilometers (about as far as from Stockholm to Paris). The way led through completely unknown districts. We preserved our surveys of it in 173 maps. The caravan consisted at the start of six servants, seven camels, twelve horses, sixteen sheep and one mule. During the journey we lost one man, an Afghan explorer, who died after an illness of thirteen days, and whose body we were obliged to carry across the desert; three camels, nine horses and the mule. The animals died from overexertion.

"Almost all the time we were on a plateau some five thousand meters (over three miles) above the sea. The caravan passed Arkatag, the mightiest group of mountains on earth, consisting of three parallel chains of mountains. We finally reached the neighborhood of the Yang-tse-Kiang. Here, however, we were obliged to turn back."

The scientific results of the expedition are very valuable, and embrace the provinces of topography, cartography, astronomy, meteorology (observations taken twice daily), hypsometry, geology and hydrography. Hedin states that the caravan met with none of the dangers that are usual in a hostile land, but it had many enemies. The worst of these were the storms from the west, these being always accompanied by snow and hail.

"The cold at our level—that of seventeen eiffel towers piled one on another—was," he said, "20 degrees centigrade, and we could at times scarcely get our breath. We felt as though we were about to tumble to the ground." The district is rich in wild animals, and especially in antelopes, bears, wild sheep and goats. During eighty-four days," the explorer continues, "we met not a single human being. An old inscription on a rock told us, however, that Mongols had formerly lived there."—Berlin Correspondence London Standard.

OUT OF HIS GRAVE AN ELM.

He Was Killed with an Elm Club and It Was Buried with Him.

One of the most noticeable things to any one entering the Angelican, N. Y., cemetery grounds is an old marble slab headstone on which is the following inscription: "Ira Stephens, who died on Sept. 20, 1893, aged 43 years." Exactly in the center of the grave is a huge elm tree which is eighty feet high and three feet through the trunk, and is as fine a specimen of an elm tree as can be found. The roots spread all over the grave and nearly up the marble slab, green and moldy with age, over on its face. The peculiar position of the tree right in the center of a grave causes strangers to wonder how it came there.

Those in charge of the last Alleghany County history, before offering it to the publishers, decided to trace, if possible, from old residents the cause of the tree being in so peculiar a place. They found out and publish in their history the following information: "The first death in Angelica was Ira Stephens, who on the authority of Mr. Gibson, a resident of Angelica, was killed in a quarrel over cards at Joseph Wilson's inn (present site of the Lightfoot block), and he was the first one buried in Angelica cemetery. He was killed by some one unknown with a huge elm club, which was buried with him. Directly over the grave has grown a large elm tree which superstitious and credulous people say grew from the club with which he was killed."

The Union representative talked with an old gentleman 92 years of age who had been a resident of this place for over sixty years, and asked him his opinion on the subject. He said that the tree had been there ever since he had lived there. He claimed the only peculiarity in the appearance of the tree was the strange blood color of the bark, there being at certain times in the year large blotches of colored bark bearing the appearance of being stained by blood. He is not able to account for the strangeness of the peculiar location of the tree.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

A Nation of Big Cities.

The United States is now far in the lead of all other countries in the number of its great centers of population. There are only two cities in the world of over 3,000,000 inhabitants each, and we have one of them. There are only eleven in all of over 1,000,000; we have three. No other country has over two. If we take Germany, Austria and France, which have in the aggregate almost double our population, we find that they have, all put together, three cities of over 1,000,000 people each against our three, two of from half a million to a million against our three; eight of from a quarter to half a million against our nine, and thirty-two from 100,000 to 250,000 against our twenty-three. Nowhere but in the United States are there a New York, a Chicago and a Philadelphia under one flag.

The Telegrapher's Ear.

The sense of hearing is developed in the modern telegraph operator to an abnormal degree, owing to his use of the typewriter in his work. In former years, when he copied his messages with pen or pencil, his ears were accustomed to only one kind of sound—that of the telegraph instrument—while in these days of the typewriter he must discriminate between the sharp click of the ticker and the almost similar rattle of the copying machine. According to an old operator, the sense of hearing soon becomes so developed that the distinction is easily made. With a little experience in the use of the typewriter along with the telegraph instrument the operator ceases to notice any similarity of the sounds.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

No men would particularly object to his wife going to church if she didn't somehow give him the impression upon her return that he is the cross she has to bear.

A man's first gift to a son is usually something he always wanted himself when a boy, and which was denied him.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1901.

Now that Uncle Sam has about suppressed the Tagalog insurrection he will have time to discipline the thieves who have been stealing army grub in the Philippines.

Now that the George Washington of the Philippines has come out for American sovereignty and supremacy, what is to become of Atkinson, Valentine, and the other anti-imperial little Americans?

Emperor William of Germany may be off on some things, but his head is level on the remedy for the liquor evil, when he proposes to inflict severe punishment upon any dealer whose liquor is found to contain fusil oil.

The dispatches say that Pettigrew has won over a million gambling in stocks, and with this sack of honorably and honestly acquired wealth will try to win back his lost seat in the United States Senate. Great is Reform! and Pettigrew is one of its prophets.

Alabama has amended her constitution and disfranchised her negro citizens under a so-called educational qualification. In order to carry the amendment the ignorant whites were assured that "no white man will be disfranchised." Without such assurance the amendment would have been buried under an avalanche of illiterate white votes.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

LINCOLN ADOPTED IT.

His Famous Phrase, "Of the People," Originated by Theodore Parker.

William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, knew Theodore Parker well and had much correspondence with him, and after the Lincoln-Douglas debate he came on to Boston and saw Parker and other antislavery men with an eye to Lincoln's political prospects. Going back to Springfield, he took with him some of Parker's newer sermons and addresses. "One of them," he says in his "Abraham Lincoln," "was a lecture on 'The Effect of Slavery on the American People,' which was delivered in the Music hall, Boston, and which I gave to Lincoln, who read and returned it. He liked especially the following expression, which he marked with a pencil and which he in substance afterward used in his Gettysburg address: 'Democracy is direct self government, over all the people, by all the people, for all the people.'" The address referred to (Parker's last great antislavery address) was delivered July 4, 1858.

Here, I submit, was the probable origin of Lincoln's phrase. In one variant or another it was a great favorite with Parker, often taking the exact form that Lincoln gave it, with his sure intuition of the best where there was any choice of words. In a speech delivered by Parker in 1850 we find it imbedded in a passage which might have been the inspiration of Seward's famous "irrepressible conflict" or Lincoln's "house divided against itself," a view to which Parker continually recurred. In two other speeches it stands "government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people." Its earliest appearance that I have discovered in his writings is in a letter to Rev. Samuel J. May in 1848, where it is simply "government of all, by all, for all."—Review of Reviews.

GRANDMAS OF TODAY

THEY KEEP IN THE RACE WITH THE YOUNG PEOPLE TO THE END.

The Old Fashioned Grandmother, the One Who Placidly Sat in the Chimney Corner Darning Stockings, Is a Thing of the Past.

I was bemoaning the fact that I had never known my grandmothers. One died before I was born and the other when I was a few months old. I thought it would be so comforting to have a grandmother because they always regarded their grandchildren as being incapable of doing wrong. At least they were sure to multiply one's virtues and minimize faults. Their chief object in life, as I picture them, was to minister to their descendants' comfort, to make the crooked places straight. The grandmother of my fancy would keep my clothes in repair, darn the stockings, knit plenty of wash-rags and silk mittens, surprise me with my favorite dishes, laugh at my jokes and generally submerge her life in the affairs of mine. What was I going to do in return for all this unselfish devotion? I would be her granddaughter. That, according to the old traditions, was quite enough compensation.

I was holding forth, exploiting my views and desires on the grandmother question in the presence of one of those people who delight to take a person down and make him feel cheap, especially if they imagine one is posing as younger than the family Bible records. This individual spoke up and said: "Why, if your grandmothers were living they would be so aged that they would be mummified. Instead of darning your stockings, knitting your mittens, they would be blind, deaf and imbecile. You would have to tend them with greater slavishness than a mother a newborn babe, and without the sweet recompense in the latter case. When people become imbecile with age, they grow repulsive, and the prolonging of this state is dreadful, while each day the unfolding of a budding life is filled with mysterious delights."

Of course I did not want a grandmother that was deaf, blind and imbecile. I thought I would drop the subject, as it appeared to be getting personal. But my companion continued: "Besides, could it be possible in the order of things for you to have a vigorous, industrious, capable grandmother, she would not be sitting at the chimney corner darning your stockings. She would be out attending to her lodge or club business, visiting the millinery openings, ordering a fashionable gown, playing cards or attending a high tea. The old fashioned grandmother is as much a thing of the past as the spinning wheel, the canniboot, stagecoach, making candles and family rendered soap."

I protested that I did not believe my grandmothers would be of the modern pattern. I had heard my mother tell often of how completely her mother lost her taste for society and outside affairs after she had grandchildren. She had raised a large family, but these reproductions were just as much a delight as had been the originals. She infinitely preferred their society to that of grown people. Their prattle, school experiences, little ambitions, filled her life completely. She was constantly planning surprises for them by making animal cakes, individual pies, candy, aprons, hoods, doll clothes. "Yes, but if she lived now she would be different. The air she would breathe is filled with assertive germs which declare that every woman owes it to herself to have a career and stand at the helm and steer it to the very end. She must not allow her life to be submerged in that of her own children, as they make their appearance rather unwelcome frequently, but must have outside missions. As soon as her offspring is married off, which is accomplished with as great dispatch as diplomacy can secure, then she is free to carry out pet schemes and natural desires untrammelled."

"Perhaps you are right," I replied. Such a grandmother as this would be no comfort to me as a grandmother, while she might be a most helpful friend, and I could be proud of her position in the literary, artistic or philanthropic world as her tastes might dictate her pursuit.

A grandmother of my acquaintance said to me not long ago: "It would be a great trial to me to have my grandchildren or any children in the house with me now. I could not adapt myself to their demands and interruptions. I have raised my family and now want my time for individual pursuits." This woman has special talents and necessities for using them, and in her case these feelings may not seem unnatural. But this is much the sentiment that possesses the grandmothers of the age who have no special missions or avocations outside the domestic circle. If they have means, they buy handsome gifts for their grandchildren and wish them to have all the advantages possible that do not represent personal self sacrifice or curtailment of freedom of action.

Women are imbued with the spirit of the age, which demands that there shall be no old ladies with caps and shawls who stay at home and guard the fireside, but that they must keep in the race with the young people to the very end.—Susan W. Ball in Terre Haute Gazette.

Evidence to the Contrary.
"I told Uncle Simon that he was getting too old and feeble to attend to business."
"Did he take it kindly?"
"He threw me out of his office."—Chicago Record.

Finical.
"When do you intend to start for the south?"
"We shall probably leave Tuesday."
"Expect to take the rest of the week with you?"—Chicago Tribune.

AN EVENTFUL MOMENT.

Do Your Best in Your Own Career to Postpone It.

Napoleon says: "In all battles a moment occurs when the bravest troops, after having made the greatest efforts, feel inclined to run. That terror proceeds from a want of confidence in their own courage, and it only requires a slight opportunity, a pretense, to restore confidence to them. The art is to give rise to the opportunity and to invent the pretense. At Arcola I won the battle with 25 horsemen. I seized that moment of lassitude, gave every man a trumpet and gained the day with this handful. You see that two armies are two bodies which meet and endeavor to frighten each other. A moment of panic occurs, and that moment must be turned to advantage. When a man has been present in many actions, he distinguishes that moment without difficulty. It is as easy as casting up an addition."

"There is a moment when the bravest troops feel inclined to run."
There is a moment when the hardest fighter feels inclined to quit.

Postpone that moment in your own career. You are not fighting other men physically, but you are fighting conditions. You are fighting the competition of all the men around you.

In every man's life, whatever struggle he may be engaged in, there comes a moment when his courage fails, and as Napoleon says of his troops, this often comes after making the greatest effort. It often comes also just before success. Often you will hear a man or a woman say:

"I have tried and tried, and it is no use."

That man or woman has reached the point which Napoleon mentions when the brave feel like running. You have all heard the old and probably false story of the miner who struggled on from day to day, seeking for gold, and at last threw down his pick in despair, ready to give up. That last despairing blow of the pick uncovered the signs of gold which would make him rich.

Many men fail for lack of that last blow with the pickax. Many men fail because they do not know how to inspire themselves as Napoleon inspired the army at Arcola. Napoleon was the soul of the army—he was the army. When he gave the trumpets to his men and charged, winning the day, he acted as a brave man may do in any moment of despair and hesitancy.

Stir up your courage, shut your teeth, "give trumpets" to your imagination and resolution and ambition and hope and the other 21 motives that inspire us. If you don't give up, you can't lose in the end.

Don't be discouraged. Don't despise yourself because you feel downhearted and timid. Remember "a moment comes when the bravest feel inclined to run." When that moment comes to you, make up your mind that you won't run.

Fight it out, win and thank Napoleon.—New York Journal.

DOGS ON THE STAGE.

Leaping For the Villain's Neck—A Very Sensitive Animal.

Four legged animals in drama are of course a very common sight today. Although they are often of far more importance than the mere super, they have an affinity to that class, for theirs is no speaking part, unless one counts the bark of a dog as such.

A little time ago the writer met an actor who was taking the part of a villain in a play wherein a big mastiff seizes him at the back of the neck just as he (the villain) was about to murder the heroine. "Nasty part, that of yours. How do you manage to escape nightly being bitten by that big brute of a dog?" "Not a nice part, it is true," he answered, "but the dog is well trained. He is kept without food for a few hours before the show. A piece of cooked liver is tied to my neck. He is held in the wings till the cue comes, then he rushes on to me for his supper, and the curtain goes down on a very effective tableau. I don't object to the dog. It's the liver."

The mention of stage dogs brings to mind an amusing incident that occurred in a well known theatrical agent's office last summer. In came a rough looking little man wearing a check suit that once used to speak out for itself, but was now silenced by the heavy hand of time. The man was followed by a dog of attractive appearance. The visitor said he did a "tramp act," assisted by the animal. Then they gave an exhibition of themselves and were certainly above the average. "What are your terms?" the agent queried. "Ten pounds a week." "I'll give you two." The imitation tramp—but he was not far from the real thing—looked with a sad, reproachful eye at the agent and silently backed out of the office, the dog meekly following. However, within a few seconds the man returned, quickly closing the door to exclude his partner, who clamored to get in. "I'll take it," he said in a hurried whisper. "Where's the contract? I'm real broke, so it's a clear case of push; but, for heaven's sake, don't mention the price where the dog can hear you."—Chambers' Journal.

Weak.
"Do you know that Nigster is so weak that he can't stand alone?" asked Browne.

"Good gracious, no!" replied Jones. "What is the matter with him?"
"Why, I asked him if he could stand a loan of 10 shillings and he said he couldn't."—London Fun.

What a Curio Is.
"What is a curio, father?"
"A curio is a piece of china that your mother has had spared to her through the devastating dynasties of seven or eight cooks."—London King.

IT WAS VERY PRETTY

BUT IT DIDN'T WIN THE OLD MAN WHO WAS SUING FOR DAMAGES.

An Incident Which Shows What a Different Impression May Be Made by a Thousand Dollar Bill and a Thousand One Dollar Bills.

"A professional compromiser who understands his business is a most valuable man on the staff of any big railroad," said a New Orleans lawyer, apropos of nothing in particular. "It is a great art," he continued, "and I had the fact impressed on me by something rather unusual that happened early in my career. I had been in practice only a year or so, as I remember, when I was engaged by a certain railroad company to represent it in a damage suit brought by an old fellow who had been hurt at a crossing. I got the job because the regular attorney and regular assistant attorney were out of town on bigger affairs, and I threw myself into it with unlimited enthusiasm. A little investigation convinced me, however, that the company didn't have a leg to stand on, and neither, for that matter, did the claimant, both of 'em having been broken above the knee. So I advised a compromise and was told to settle it if I could for \$1,000.

"That fixed him discouraged me, because the suit had been brought for \$20,000, and I knew the opposition lawyers had been filling their client with rosy hopes, but I thought up a scheme that seemed promising. The claimant was an ignorant old fellow, who had been a laborer for years, and I took it for granted that he had never had as much as \$100 at any one time in his life. 'I'll just hypnotize him,' I said to myself, and, going to a bank, I got a brand new \$1,000 bill. Then I hurried off to his boarding house, found him in a dirty little back room and made my proposition for settlement.

"Just as I anticipated, he declined it indignantly. 'Very well,' said I, pulling out the bill with a studied carelessness, 'in that case I'll have to return this money. But, by the way,' I added, 'did you ever happen to see a \$1,000 bill? It's quite a handsome bit of paper.' To be candid, I was rather awed by the thing myself, but to my amazement he took it indifferently, glanced at it with no apparent interest and handed it back. 'It's verra pretty,' he said stolidly and went on smoking his pipe.

"A few days after this discouraging experience," the lawyer went on, "Mr. Andrews, the claim agent of the line, happened to be in town and dropped in to inquire about the case. He was a veteran in the business, but he always impressed me as being a man totally destitute of tact, and I never could understand how he held his job. He chuckled when he heard my story. 'My dear boy,' he said, 'you simply overplayed yourself. You expected that old man to drop dead at the sight of a \$1,000 bill. Why, bless your soul, he didn't know what it meant! It was beyond the outposts of his imagination. He was like you yourself when you hear an astronomer talk about ten billion miles. The figure conveys no idea to your mind. It is too big. But come with me,' he added, 'and I'll give you an object lesson.'"

"I was surprised and piqued, but I went along, and the first thing Andrews did was to get \$1,000 in \$1 bills at the bank. He cut the slips that held them together, stacked them up in a loose heap and wrapped them in a newspaper. Then he went to the boarding house and found the old man sitting in his little back room still smoking his pipe. He didn't seem to have moved since I was there before. 'Well, Connally,' said the claim agent after a few general remarks, 'I've brought around that \$1,000 and want you to sign a receipt in full.' The old man got angry immediately. 'I'll not do it!' he yelled. 'I'll take what I sued for and not a cent less!' 'You're foolish,' said Andrews calmly. 'No jury will give you over \$1,000, and your lawyers will get half of that. You'd better do business with me.'"

"He had been holding the package of bills on his knee while he was talking, and just then he made an awkward gesture and knocked it off. He grabbed at it wildly as it fell and, with one swoop, scattered the money all over the squalid little room. It covered everything—floor, chairs, table, bed—and some of it even went into the wash-bowl. 'Doggone the luck!' he shouted. 'Here, Connally, lend a hand, will you, and help me gather up this stuff.' The old man made no reply, but sat speechless and transfixed, while his pipe slowly slid out of his mouth and fell into his lap. Meanwhile Andrews seized a broom and began sweeping up the bills like dry leaves. 'Saints preserve us!' whispered Connally at last, still staring stupidly at the litter. 'How much is there?' 'The \$1,000 you don't want,' snapped the claim agent and kept on sweeping. In ten minutes he had collected the money in a big heap on the newspaper. 'Well, I guess I'd better be going,' he remarked as he bundled it up. 'Hold on a bit,' said the old man, and before I fully realized what had happened Andrews had his autograph on the receipt.

"The whole thing had been done so rapidly and passed off so much like some well rehearsed scene at a play that I was simply dumfounded and lacked language to express my admiration. Andrews was very modest about it, though, and insisted there was nothing remarkable in what he had done. 'When you undertake to spellbind a man with money,' he said, 'you must use denominations that he can comprehend.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MOST PEOPLE LOPSIDED.

Differences Between the Legs, Eyes and Ears of Men and Women.

The two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right ear is also, as a rule, higher than the left.

Only one person in 15 has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair haired people. Short sight is more common in town than among country folk, and of all people the Germans have the largest proportion of shortsighted persons.

The crystalline lens of the eye is the one portion of the human body which continues to increase with the attainment of maturity.

The smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows the slowest.

In 54 cases out of 100 the left leg is shorter than the right. The bones of an average human male skeleton weigh 20 pounds, those of a woman are six pounds lighter.

That unruly member, the tongue of a woman, is also smaller than that of a man, given a man and a woman of equal size and weight. It may be appalling to reflect, but it is nevertheless true, that the muscles of the human jaw exert a force of over 500 pounds.

The symmetry which is the sole intelligible ground for our idea of beauty, the proportion between the upper and lower half of the human body, exists in nearly all males, but is never found in the female. American limbs are more symmetrical than those of any other people. The rocking chair, according to an English scientist, is responsible for the exercise which increases the beauty of the lower limbs. The push which the toes give to keep the chair in motion, repeated and repeated, makes the instep high, the calf round and full, and it makes the ankle delicate and slender.—Exchange.

Fished For Its Dinner.

"Looking over my neighbor's fence one day," says a lover of animals, "I was surprised to see on his doorstep these queer companions: A beautiful white sea gull and my neighbor's pet cat sitting quietly together.

"Becoming interested, I jumped the fence and asked Jones about his feathered pet. He told me that some boys had shot the gull a few days before and broken its wing, and as they were passing his house he noticed the poor, suffering thing and bought it. He bandaged the broken wing, and the gull, seeming to understand his kind intentions, became quite tame and nestled its pretty head against his hand.

"Jones entertained me by showing how the gull usually took his meals. Bringing a plate of oysters and a fork, he called 'Goosey, goosey, goosey!' and the bird came running to him. Then he held out an oyster on the fork and the gull seized it quickly with its yellow bill and ate it as demurely as if oysters had been served to it in this way all of its days.

"The oddest thing occurred one day when my neighbor gave the gull some small pieces of meat for dinner. He placed the meat on the ground near the gull, but the gull, espying a pan of water near by, took the meat piece by piece and, walking over, dropped it into the water. Then, true to its nature, it began fishing for its dinner."—Christian Advocate.

CHILD LOVE.

Two little arms were clinging,
And a little head was pressed
(The rosy face all hidden)
Closely against my breast.

"What is it, dear?" I questioned,
Caresing the golden head.
Whispering sweetly and shyly,
"I love you!" the darling said.

What had I given to win it—
This offering pure and sweet?
A story told in the twilight,
A merry word when we meet?

Oh, child love, so gladly offered,
So easily won, I pray
Through life I may find this treasure
Mine, as it is today!

There are trials to meet and vanquish
And sorrows crowned with the years,
And lips curve less to smiling,
And eyes fill oft with tears.

But the heavy heart grows lighter,
Half of its grief beguiled,
When love, with a heaven born impulse,
Speaks from the lips of a child!

—Home Notes.

George III and the Wigmakers.
When George III ascended the throne of England, his wealthy subjects were beginning to leave off wigs and to appear in their own hair, "if they had any." As the sovereign was himself one of the offenders, the peruke makers, who feared a serious loss of trade, prepared a petition, in which they prayed his majesty to be graciously pleased to "shave his head" for the good of distressed workmen and wear a wig, as his father had done before him.

When the petitioners walked to the royal palace, however, it was noticed that they wore no wigs themselves. As this seemed unfair to the onlookers, they seized several of the leading processionists and cut their hair with any implement that came most readily to hand.

From this incident arose a host of curious caricatures. The wooden leg makers were said to have special claims on the king's consideration, inasmuch as the conclusion of peace had deprived them of a profitable source of employment; hence the suggestion that his majesty should not only wear a wooden leg himself, but enjoin the people to follow his laudable example.

A Policy Approved.

"No," said the policeman kindly, but firmly, "you cannot photograph that statue."

"Why not?" asked the tourist.

"Because it is against the law."

The tourist looked at the statue in question, a massive piece of contract work, and then answered:

"Well, I don't blame you. It's always decenter for people to keep their troubles to themselves instead of letting them be advertised all over the country."—Washington Star.

Two Ways of Writing.

Mrs. Bibbs—I declare! You men can't write a letter unless you have a regular desk and office chair and big blotting pad and I don't know what all.

Mr. Bibbs—Yes, and a woman may have a \$200 writing desk, with everything to match, and yet she'll sit down on a stool and write on an old book.—New York Weekly.

Made Sure of the Pie.

A young girl who carried her dinner was observed to eat her pie first. When asked why, she replied, "Well, if there's anything left it won't be the pie, will it now?"—Boston Christian Register.

What Puzzles Young America.

It is a puzzle to the modern youth how so many old duffers managed to get along in the world without the knowledge of things in general possessed by the modern youth.—Boston Transcript.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN,

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,

Notary Public.

OFFICE AT IPOSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS.

Racing over.
Weather cool.
Building progressing.
The Old Arcade open again.
Four benevolent orders in our town.
The Vestey building is ready for the painters.
The railroad time-table was changed again last Monday.
Cottage of four rooms and bath for rent. Inquire at Postoffice.
Mrs. Vuitche has opened a fancy goods store in the Bennett building.
George Bissett, contemplates making addition and improvements to his residence.
Good-bye to the variable month. Farewell to "Sweet April's" tears, dead on the hem of May."
The painters are putting the finishing touches on the Frost flat building on Commercial avenue.
Mrs. Dan Neville of Colma who has been very seriously ill, is, we are glad to know, able to be out again.
Deputy Assessor R. J. Carroll has commenced the work of assessing real and personal property and of collecting road and poll tax.
Lost.—On April 18, between Colma and South San Francisco, from wagon, one sucking pig, confined in sack. L. L. Smith, Sierra Point House.
A social dance will be given this evening at Butcher's Hall for the benefit of our local dancing school. Admission, for gentlemen, 25 cents. Ladies free.
Land Agent Martin reports that he is securing many subscriptions for stock in the new oil company. Nearly one-half of the amount required has been subscribed.
On Tuesday Mr. Peter B. Murphy, after an absence of something more than a year spent in the wilds of Arizona and other waste regions, returned to his old stamping ground in this attractive young city.
Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.
Mr. and Mrs. Stettler and their son Roy went on a trip to Bouldin Island last week, where Mr. Stettler will take charge of a ranch after resigning his position of night watchman at the packing house.
If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.
On Monday evening or night the gardener employed by Gus Jenevein at Uncle Tom's Cabin was run over by a milk wagon on San Bruno road, near the railroad station, and seriously injured.
Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.
We call attention to the notice of Dr. I. Cook, who has opened a dental office in the Merriam block. Dr. Cook comes to our town well recommended. Those who have been obliged to go to the city to get dental work done will find it a great convenience to get it done at home.
The old Arcade Hotel has been repainted and papered and is now open for business under the name of the Union Hotel, with Mrs. Nettie Rogers, as the proprietor and Rogers & Lane as its managers. This old popular house will under its new management be first-class as to board, lodging and bar and will draw its share of patronage.
Mr. Frank Miner has set an example in the way of making improvements which all our citizens would do well to follow. Instead of waiting for the Land and Improvement to lay a sidewalk in front of his residence, Mr. Miner has put in a fine gravelled walk on the entire front of his lot and a like walk or drive way from the street to his barn and has macadamized the street from the sidewalk to center of the street.
Thomas F. Flynn, through his attorney J. J. Bullock, has applied for letters of administration upon the estate of his mother, Bridget Flynn, who died intestate at San Mateo February 22, 1900. The estate consists of lot 17 in block 35, Western Addition to the city of San Mateo. The total value of the estate does not exceed \$1000. The petitioner is the sole heir.—Times-Gazette.
On Tuesday, at the finish of the first race at Tanforan an old man dropped dead, in front of the judge's stand. The inquest failed to disclose the old man's identity. It appeared from memoranda found on the body that the deceased was a regular attendant at the races and steady patron of the betting ring. The sum of \$345.80 in gold and silver coin was found in the pockets, but no clue as to the name or residence of this aged patron of the turf. The coroner's jury found the deceased to be about 70 years of age and that death resulted from hemorrhage of the heart. The deceased was about 5 feet 8 or 9 inches in height, fair complexion, white mustache, bald on top of head, and dressed in suit of black with a soft black hat. The top of his head was covered with egg-shells, which, upon being removed by the track surgeon, disclosed an old scar on top of head. A partly used meal ticket, issued by the Golden Gate restaurant, San Francisco, Cal., dated

April 10th, was found in his pocket, but the proprietor of the restaurant upon being called up by telephone could not give any information as to the identity of the holder of the ticket. The body was sent to Coroner Crowe at Redwood City Tuesday evening.

WAYSIDE NOTES ALONG SAN BRUNO ROAD.

A myriad of Italian fishermen have been the past week fishing along the San Bruno bay shore.

A. L. Hopkins, who has been transferred from the Redding and Bieber to Fall River Mills and Sisson stage line is declared by his friends to have driven more miles in his coach than any other stage driver living. 470,500 miles is his record handling the ribbons. So often has he passed over the road, and always on time, that it is possible for him to tell almost to the minute the time of day as he passes each rock and tree along the route. P. S. If Hopkins should be transferred to the San Bruno road route, he would be compelled to take his time-of-day observations from landslides. This will perhaps meet the eagle eye of our supervisor. It does not amount to much, but it is a source of much annoyance to W. R. Markt to be under the painful necessity of explaining to everyone driving by The Real Thing how, where and when the rock slide slid; and when are they going to move it? Markt suggests planting ants.

The old rock elevator belt at the Warren & Malley quarry snapped in two and had to be replaced with a new one, which was immediately and skillfully done by the able manager, Wally McMullen.

Parties in San Francisco who undertake to convey passengers over the San Bruno road at all hours of night should familiarize themselves with our canyons, or else employ a pilot.

Varied Experiences of Two Hunters.—Sunday morning R. F. Muffelman and Mr. Smith of Warren & Malley's wharf, a hunting went. The hills back of the X L Dairy abound with the cotton-tail bunnies, of which they were in quest. They soon arrived on the field of sport and began to prepare for the fray. Smith soon had everything in readiness, but Bob seemed to be looking for something. Smith pretended not to notice but hastily put off to the woods. After a time Bob came up and said: "Smith I've lost all my shells have you got any?"

"Yes, I've got some, but you don't get any of mine, as I am short, use your own." Bob could not worm a single shell out of Smith. About five o'clock in the afternoon the hunters returned to the wharf. When they neared home Smith pulled out of his pocket a package and handed it to Bob. "Here are your shells, Bob." Bob said nothing for he was speechless with rage. That evening Smith was boasting about the fine cotton-tails he killed. He asked a friend to his home on the wharf to see them. The friend went. Smith said, as he opened the door of his ice chest, "I have here two of the finest rabbits you ever saw. I gave the rest away. These are for my breakfast." He unwrapped a package and exposed to the view of his astonished friend two dried herrings.

"Who, who in thunder has been here?" shouted Smith.

Big John Ahern had a slight accident to one of his lower limbs at the San Bruno quarry last Monday.

Warren & Malley have secured a contract for one million tons of rock. After May 1st every one in South San Francisco will have a chance to explain to R. J. Carroll why he is not or has not been working.

Everybody on San Bruno road is talking oil.

A CARD OF THANKS.

The ladies of Grace Mission desire to return thanks to those who so kindly assisted in the program at the late entertainment, held at McCuen Hall, also those who donated toward the refreshments, and to the young ladies who assisted at waiting table. We also include the good gentlemen who assisted in the heavy work preliminary toward success, and the public generally for their patronage and orderly attention to the program.

THE SCHOOL.

Miss Tilton, County Superintendent of Schools, paid us a short visit last Friday.

Miss McGovern is back at her post of duty again.

Misese Fortuna, Minnie, Elvezia and Anna Zaro visited the school Wednesday afternoon.

DIED AT SAN MATEO.

Joseph P. Whelan, son of Michael Whelan of Colma, died at San Mateo Wednesday at the age of 16 years. He was a native of San Francisco and had been an invalid for the past four years. The interment took place at Holy Cross Cemetery yesterday.—Times-Gazette.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I have been appointed and have duly qualified as Poundkeeper in and for Pound District No. 1 of San Mateo county, State of California, and that I have established, provided and will maintain a suitable enclosure for the detention and impounding of animals, at my residence on Linden avenue, between Juniper and Armour avenues, in the town of South San Francisco, county of San Mateo, as a public pound in and for said Pound District No. 1.

And, furthermore, that I will, in the discharge of my duties as Poundkeeper, enforce the laws strictly and impartially.

Any stock found running at large, or any stock staked or tied on or across any sidewalk or streets on or after the first day of May, 1901, will be promptly take up and impounded.

R. J. Carroll, Poundkeeper.

PCE A. PONIATOWSKI, President.

CHARLES L. FAIR, Vice-President.

THE SAN FRANCISCO JOCKEY CLUB

Will Have

75 Days of Racing

Beginning November 19, 1900

AT TANFORAN PARK.

First Meeting—Monday, Nov. 19, 1900, including Saturday, Dec. 1, 1900.

Second Meeting—Monday, Dec. 17, 1900, including Saturday, Dec. 29, 1900.

Third Meeting—Monday, Jan. 21, 1901, including Saturday, Feb. 9, 1901.

Fourth Meeting—Monday, Feb. 25, 1901, including Saturday, March 9, 1901.

Fifth Meeting—Monday, March 25, 1901, including Saturday, April 3, 1901.

Sixth Meeting—Monday, April 22, 1901, including Saturday, May 4, 1901.

of which three days of the last week will be given up to the California Pony and Steeple Chase Association.

Magnificent Racing Is Confidently Expected.

MILTON S. LATHAM, Secretary.

EDW. J. POWER, Racing Secretary.

NOTICE.

To the Residents of South San Francisco:

At the request of some of your old and well-known citizens I have come to South San Francisco to do their dental work. I have opened my office in the Merriam block on Grand avenue. Having had an experience of over ten years' practice I do not hesitate to say that I am prepared to do any work known to the dental profession.

To extract a tooth without any pain to the patient is by a great many people considered impossible. But it is not. By the method I use I can and do extract teeth painlessly. If you are suffering from toothache, come to my office and I will prove what I say or charge you nothing for my services. I have for years made a specialty of gold filling and gold crowns and bridge work.

You will find my prices as low as any in San Francisco for the same class of work.

No charge for examination. Office hours 9-5; Sundays, 9-12. Dr. I. Cook.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR SALE.

Lot 38, in block 133, on Armour avenue. Size of lot 25x140 feet. Cheap for cash, or installment payments. Apply to E. E. Cunningham at P. O. Building.

Japanese Story Tellers.

Professional story tellers roam from house to house in Japan to spin their yarns. In the city of Tokyo there are about 600 of these professional romancers. Their pay averages 20 cents an hour. When the story teller discovers that his romances are becoming dull from frequent repetition, he moves into a new district.

Our first regular factory for manufacturing glass was established at Temple, N. H., in 1780 and was operated by imported German glassmakers.

When you forget there are others, you are nearing a burned bridge.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market shows good life and prices are steady.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easy prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at steady prices. Provisions—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are as follows (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Steers, 9@9½c; 2d quality, 8½@9c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7½@7¾c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 7c; thin Cows, 5@6c.

HOGS—Hard grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6½@6¾c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 6@6¼c; rough heavy hogs, 4½@5c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4½@4¾c; Lanes, 3½@4c; short, ½ less. Suckling Lambs, \$2.50@3 per head; or 5@5½c per lb live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5½@6c; over 250 lbs, 4½@5c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7½@8c; second quality, 7c; first quality cows and heifers, 7@7½c; second quality, 6½c; third quality, 5½@6c.

VEAL—Large, 8@8½c; small, good, 9@9½c; common, 8c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 8@8½c; Ewes, 7½@8c; Suckling Lambs, 9@10c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9½@9¾c. PROVISIONS—Hams, 12½c; picnic hams, 10c; Atlanta ham, 10c; New York, shoulder, 10c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 15½c; light S. C. bacon, 15c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12½c; clear light, 13c; clear ex. light bacon, 14c.

Save Your Money

—By Going to—

Ward, Sweeney & Co.

(Formerly with Kavanagh & Co.)

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

309 and 311 THIRD STREET, San Francisco.

Telephone—Red 1712.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

J. F. LYMAN C. H. LYMAN

LYMAN BROS.

Contractors and Builders

All kinds of New and Old Work.

Store and Shop Grand Avenue,

South San Francisco.

San Mateo County

Building and Loan

Association.

Assets, \$175,000.00.

Monthly Payments \$14.15 per \$1000

No advance premium charged. Book value of shares allowed in payment of loans, and re-payment accepted at any time.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City.

The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

W. E. GILMAN P. G. LYNCH

Gilman & Lynch,

Restaurant

and Boarding.

WINE, LIQUORS

CIGARS

Tanforan Park,

South San Francisco, Cal.

Western Turf Race Track.

Walter F. Bailey

Painting and Decorating

In all its Branches.

104 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block. P. O. Box 75.

H. E. Plymire, M. D.

SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, San Mateo County, Cal.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

German Bakery and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHELFELDER, Proprietor.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Beer^N, Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,

United States, Chicago,

Willows and

South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing

Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

South San Francisco, Cal.

FRENCH LAUNDRY.

MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.

Ordinary Washing at Moderate Rates.

Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace

Curtains and Lares.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Leave Orders at Laundry, Grand Avenue, near Post Office.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

W. E. GILMAN P. G. LYNCH

Gilman & Lynch,

Restaurant

and Boarding.

WINE, LIQUORS

CIGARS

Tanforan Park,

South San Francisco, Cal.

Western Turf Race Track.

LOVE'S ROSES BY THE WAY.

Life may be a thorny way—
Briers in our path—
But the fragrance of the rose
A sweet soothing bath.
Vicious thorns may tear and sting;
Symbols they of wrath;
Love's sweet roses ever bloom
Fragrant by our path.

Life may be a cloudy way—
Hid the heaven's blue—
But the sun still sheds its light
Up above for you.
Though the storm to-day may rage
And pour out its wrath,
After all, God's sacred bow
Arches o'er the path.

Life may be a weary way—
Weariness brings rest.
Sorrow's hand may fall on us—
Mourning ones are blessed.
Winds may chill and storms may sting,
Storms may vent their wrath;
Love's sweet roses still will bloom
Fragrant by our path.
—Los Angeles Herald.

His Michigan Correspondent.

WANTED—Young man wishes to correspond with lady. Object, mutual improvement. Must not be over 20. Send photograph. Address Q 816.

"I think I will try it," thought Jane, taking a pin from her dress and carefully making a line with it around the advertisement, which she afterward removed in a somewhat jagged condition. "Any kind of excitement will be pleasant in this hateful old place. I call call for the letters on my way from school."

Jane was a precocious young person of 14. Her father, advised by his physician to retire from business until his much-abused nervous system could have an opportunity to return to its normal condition, had two years before left the roar and rattle of Chicago for the bucolic delights of his Michigan fruit farm. His younger daughter considered herself a greatly injured individual and had expressed her opinion to that effect when at breakfast with her father on the morning when the advertisement chanced to catch her eye. "I am the only one of this family who is always oppressed!" (Jane was fond of imposing words.) "Here is mamma away in Europe and Geraldine going to the city next week. I am invariably left at home like a wretched slave."

"My child, you exaggerate," mildly returned her father. "Your time will come when you are older."

"That is the answer I always receive. Everybody says, 'You are too young for this, you are too young for that.' Geraldine is 19 and I shall have to wait five long, miserable years before I can have what she has and do as she does. But I shall have nice things then, I can tell you! I am going to have at least four diamond rings on every finger and very long trains to my dresses."

"Tut, tut," said her father, taking up his newspaper, "don't be silly."

It is mortifying to have one's dearest aspirations received in this way, and Jane winked hard to keep back the tears as she arose from the table. She had read Marie Bashkirtseff, and, like the young Russian, she kept a journal, to which she confided her woes and romantic vapors. "One thing wrings my heart," she wrote, "I shall never be beautiful. My eyes are rather good, but it will be impossible for my nose to change from a pug to a Grecian, and my neck is awfully scraggy! And papa says if I do not stop reading so much I shall wear glasses by the time I am 15. All this is agonizing! And Geraldine is so beautiful. She is like a dream. She has large, soft, brown eyes and her hair is a golden brown; her nose, her complexion, her mouth, are perfect, and when she wears an evening dress that shows her shoulders and arms she is simply heavenly! Were I as beautiful as Geraldine I would have many suitors at my feet, but I should spurn them all."

She wrote a letter in her best hand to "Q 816," then came the question of a portrait. She looked over a number of photographs with a dissatisfied air. "There is no use in my sending one of myself," she thought, "they all show how young I am and this horrid pig-tail down my back gives me away. Here is one of mamma when she was a girl, which would do if she had not combed her hair like a freak. It doesn't make any difference whose picture I send him, for he will never see me, anyway. All of these photographs of Geraldine are poor. I know what I'll do!"

Going to her mother's room, she unlocked a writing desk and took from a drawer a case of blue velvet. It contained a portrait of his sister painted on ivory. On the white satin lining of the case was written: "To dear mamma from Geraldine. Christmas, 1898."

"It won't be missed, for I shall write him to return it right away," thought Jane. "But what a pity Geraldine wrote her own name in it. I write a good deal as she does, for I've always tried to imitate her hand, but I must arrange for the name in some way."

So she re-wrote her letter, not realizing the extent of her iniquity, for the act was but an incident in the romantic and visionary world she had created for herself.

The advertisement had been inserted by Leigh Barton, a young Chicago lawyer, as the result of a nonsensical bet made one night at the University Club as to the number of answers it would bring. The rather formidable pile of letters and photographs handed to him when he called for them three days later proved that he had lost his wager, and he indifferently threw them into a drawer of his desk, intending to examine them at his leisure.

That same afternoon his office boy handed him a small package which had come by express. He opened it and gazed fascinated at the portrait in the blue velvet case; a pair of brown eyes which seemed to be smiling at him, a well-poised head and a glimpse of white shoulders half-veiled by diaphanous drapery.

Hastily he began to open the letters to learn something of this lovely, mysterious visitor. It was with a sensation of disappointment that he read the following:

Dear Sir—Compelled to live on a farm, which I loathe, I thought it would be pleasant to hear from somebody in the outside world. I am like a princess shut up in an old castle with a moat; I do not know what a moat is, but old castles always have them. I have no doubt it will improve both of us to write to one another; that is, if you are educated. If you are not, and you misspell common words I shall not write to you at all. In a letter to me a person once spelled "sure" with an "h," and I despised him for it. There is no excuse for such mistakes. I send you my portrait by express. I don't think it flatters the original. I wear long trains and a great many diamond rings. I am fond of poetry; I adore Tennyson and I know nearly all of Lady Macbeth's part. How happy you must be living always in dear, dear Chicago! I, alas! am a lonely exile! Oh, for one more glimpse of those fair boulevards, but my cruel father—but we will not speak of it. Please do not send me your photograph. I have pictured you in my mind and I do not care to have the vision rudely shattered, as it might be should you send me your portrait. Return mine as soon as possible. My relatives call me Jane, so you must address my letters with that name. I will let you know my views upon various matters when our correspondence really begins. GERALDINE WOODVILLE.

Never had the young man been so puzzled; could the original of that portrait, with its sweet and earnest face, be the author of this singular letter? It must have been written as a joke; still it was a pity this young girl had felt inclined to reply to such an advertisement and that she should have sent her portrait to an utter stranger.

He wrote a bright and chatty letter in reply, such as he might have sent to one of his sisters, requesting permission to keep the portrait for a little while, and signing his own name.

Jane promptly replied with a flowery epistle, in which she said he might keep the picture for a week longer. Before this was answered he received an invitation to a dinner party from a benedict friend.

Barton was somewhat late in arriving, and his hostess whispered as they shook hands: "I was afraid you were not coming, and I wanted you to take the prettiest girl in the room out to dinner." Then aloud: "Miss Woodville, allow me to present Mr. Barton. Geraldine, you shall send Mr. Barton for being late." And he stood before his Michigan correspondent!

She did not recognize him of course; that was not to be expected. During the dinner he led the conversation to the subject of life in the country. "I am now a country girl," said Miss Woodville, smiling. "I am visiting our hostess for a few weeks."

"You dislike the country very much, I believe?"

"Why should you believe so? I have but just finished school and this will be my first winter there. So far I have seen it in its pleasantest aspects."

"Then you are not like an exiled princess in a moated castle?"

"Not in the least. Our house is a new and modern one, and does not resemble a castle in any respect."

He looked at her curiously; not the quiver of an eyelash revealed the fact that she associated the idea of a castle with that of a letter written to a man named Barton. He glanced at her hands; her fingers were not covered with diamonds. Only one little stone twinkled and winked in the rosy glow of the shaded lights. They talked of art. He mentioned ivory portraits. She grew quite enthusiastic concerning the work of a friend who one day was sure to make her mark in the world. "She painted one of me which I gave to my mother last Christmas. It is really precious as a work of art, but it flatters me dreadfully."

"I do not think so," he replied, warmly.

"How can you possibly know?" she asked, laughing. This young woman was certainly a mystery.

He managed to see her frequently during the weeks following the dinner party, but never by word or look did Geraldine betray any knowledge of "Q 816." Meantime Jane had lost his letter, and with it his address, and was feeling very uncomfortable in regard to the portrait which she was afraid he intended to keep. And Leigh Barton was gazing at the pictured face more often than seemed necessary considering the fact that he was constantly finding some excuse for beholding the original.

On the evening preceding the day set for her departure for her country home he said: "Miss Woodville, you have avoided all allusions to our brief correspondence, but I have brought the portrait, deeming it best to return it to you in person."

"Mr. Barton, pray explain yourself. You seem fond of making mysterious speeches. Whose portrait have you brought?"

He took the little case from his pocket and placed it in her hands. She opened it with an expression of blank amazement. "How did this come into your possession?" she asked, freezing.

"You should know, Miss Woodville, since you sent it to me."

"I! You must be mad."

"You surely do not deny that you answered my advertisement for a correspondent?" He took the letters from his pocket and gave them to her.

She examined them with a bewildered air, then a wave of color passed over

her face as she exclaimed: "This is Jane's work—my young sister. Oh, that terrible child! Oh, Mr. Barton, what must you think of me?" and she covered her burning face with her hands.

Explanations followed and when a few weeks later Leigh Barton called at the home in Michigan it was with the air of one who is sure of a welcome.

"I was frightened to death about that picture," said Jane to her prospective brother-in-law, "for mamma was coming home soon and I knew she would miss it; and I've never told her a fib, though perhaps I was not so particular about you. As it was, papa and mamma scolded me so hard that Geraldine felt sorry for me and hugged me, and said that it had not turned out so badly after all. But our correspondence was nipped in the bud, wasn't it? I didn't care very much, for I dare say I should have grown tired of it. You wrote a good letter, but a scratchy hand and some of your words are hard to make out. You don't look a bit as I had pictured you, for the image of you in my mind was pale and thin with very mournful eyes."

"What was there in my letter that made you think me pale and thin?" he asked, laughing.

"Nothing, only I wanted to think of you as looking like a poet. Yes, I am disappointed in you, but I dare say you will do very well as a brother."—Chicago Evening Post.

MUSIC FROM AN ARC LAMP.

Interesting Discovery in Electricity that May Be Turned to Account.

The time may not be far distant when our cities will be furnished with music at every corner. A curious discovery, which results from much electrical research and experiment at the central technical college of the city and guilds of London Institute, is reported by W. Duddell. The arc, of course, is the blaze of light which exists between two sticks of carbon placed end on and between which the electric current flows.

Two different kinds of carbon are employed in the arc lamps. In the one kind the carbon stick is made hollow and is filled with a powdery material, while in the other kind the carbon is homogeneous. The former type of carbon is called "cored," the latter "solid."

Now, the cored carbon arc possesses no musical soul. It is deaf to all persuasion, whereas the solid carbon arc, he finds, is like the mouthpiece of a flute, ready to emit any note. The note of the flute depends, of course, on the length of the pipe, as determined by the position of the fingers and the raising of the keys, whereas the note given out by the solid carbon arc depends on the nature of a bypass or "shunt" that is put across the carbons.

Mr. Duddell, having evolved these facts, arranged a keyboard of two octaves, so that he could play tunes. In demonstrating this before the scientific body referred to he arranged four arcs in series to increase the loudness of the sound, and by varying the self-induction and capacity in the "shunt" circuit he played the national anthem upon the electric light.

"Now, this keyboard," he explained, "may be placed at a distance from the arc light, just as the current itself supplied to an arc lamp is in most cases generated by a machine at a considerable distance."

"Hence," said the scientist, "we have this great possibility—namely, that the ordinary arc lamps at present used in lighting a hall can be played on not merely by a performer who is in the hall itself, but who may be outside it somewhere else. Consequently an audience who are paying no more attention to the arc lamps hung up above them than they would to a gasolier may be suddenly astonished to hear a tune coming from the space around them."

Mr. Duddell has also shown that the electric light arc can be used as a telephone receiver. He has already used it for the receiving of telephone currents from a transmitter spoken into in another part of the building.

POWDER.

What Happened to the Man Who Found It Out.

"It occurred to an alchemist one day that it would be a fine thing to take sulphur, saltpetre and dried toads, pound them together in an alembic, which he carefully luted and set on the furnace to heat. He poked up the fire and waited around, thinking what he would do with all his money if this should turn out to be the powder of reduction that would turn base metals into gold, when, bang! went the alembic and the windows blew out, and the door ripped off its hinges and fell down, blam! The alchemist scuffled out from under the ruins of the furnace, shook a red-hot coal or two out of his shoe and the ashes off himself, and wondered what had struck him. He tried it again and again, and each time with the same result; and then it dawned upon him that he had discovered a fair article of blasting powder. Since then about all that has been done to his recipe has been to put in a little better article of charcoal, say that of willow twigs, instead of toasted toads."

"Little did the old alchemist dream what potency was in that 'powder of reduction.' For such it is. Although it never yet has turned lead into gold by its mere touch, yet when a small, round piece of lead is put with the powder into an iron tube of curious workmanship, and fire laid thereto, it is possible to convert another man's gold into the possession of him that has the iron tube of curious workmanship, and not gold only, but all manner of goods and chattels, houses and lands, messages, easements and hereditaments, even men's souls and bodies."—Ainslee's.

The law may limit a man's acts but it can't limit his thoughts.

THE CYCLONE SEASON

Vagaries of the Monstrous Disturbances Are Unexplainable—Some of the Queer Things Cyclones Have Done.

The months of April and May usually cover the time when the cyclone has its inning in the central valleys of the country. The records of recent years show that at about the first of May the cyclone season is at its height, although some of the frightful storms have not occurred until a month later.

Scientists have struggled with the cyclone problem for many years, but much of the mystery surrounding its origin is unexplained; also the reasons of the prodigious power it exerts upon objects in its path. They agree, however, on one thing, and that is the name. Cyclone, they say, is a misnomer, the correct designation being tornado, but the people who have actually wrestled

as not to be recognizable as footwear or carried off to considerable distances and dropped in places where, if found at all, they excited little comment. In several instances, however, the shoes have been found close to the bodies of the dead and in a condition that indicated very powerful electrical action.

Some years ago a shoe was taken from the ruins caused by a Kansas cyclone, and its condition caused no little wonder. It had been ripped from the foot of a man who was killed. The strings were gone and the upper portions, from ankle to sole, were cut into tolerably regular strips from a quarter of half an inch in width. The sole seemed at first glance intact, but a



A WESTERN CYCLONE AT WORK.

with the monster and have seen it tossing their residences about in midair call it a cyclone, and cyclone it will be. Scientifically the cyclone is the storm that sweeps over the South Atlantic Ocean, with a diameter of from 100 to 1,000 miles.

The tornado travels in much smaller form, but in its reduced dimensions it has all the concentrated energy of the ocean storm. The diameter of the tornado is seldom more than 100 yards and frequently much less than that. It has been known to travel straight along a country road for more than a mile, wrecking everything in its path, but not injuring the fences on either side. The diameter of this tornado could not have been more than 80 or 90 feet, but its power was almost beyond belief.

But the curious freaks worked by the cyclone of the Kansas variety command more attention than its tremendous force. On one occasion the roof of an eight-room house was lifted bodily, carried 200 yards, half way into a grove, where it seemed impossible that it could have passed between the trees, and left lying flat, but upside down, in a vacant spot just large enough to receive it. Occasionally the side of a house is carried away and converted into kindling wood, while the rest of the edifice is quite uninjured.

In one instance, in Iowa, half a double house was shattered to bits, while the other half and the hall were quite untouched, even the carpet on the hall floor remaining unsoiled, and the paper on the wall showed neither spot nor scratch.

In another, the porch of a Kansas house was cut away as neatly as though with an ax, a queer contract being seen in a third case, where the house was destroyed and the porch left standing intact.

In Nebraska the second story of an eight-room house was taken off and the first was left, so little shock being given to the building by the violent removal of the upper half that the clocks on the mantelpieces were not disturbed, and continued to tick as usual.

A still more curious freak was played by the wind in a Kansas dwelling. A double house, with a hall in the middle, stood facing the direction from which the cyclone was approaching. When the storm was seen the residents took refuge in their cave and listened to hear the fall of their home. A terrible crash was heard, and they, of course, supposed that the house had gone. On emerging they were surprised to see the house standing as before, but were almost paralyzed with astonishment to find the northeast wall of the dining-room, which was on the opposite side of the house from the direction the storm came, had been blown out and the furniture, tables, dishes and all other contents had been carried off and crushed to atoms, and no other damage had resulted to any part of the building.

The cyclone which devastated Sherman, Texas, stripped nearly all of the dead of clothing, and from the feet of every corpse the shoes had been wrenched. This is a common trick of cyclones, but scientists cannot fathom it. In many instances the shoes disappear, being either torn to fragments so

closer examination showed that this portion was pierced by a number of small round holes. They were the holes where the metal nails or tacks had been; the latter had disappeared, melted by the electricity.

Sometimes these remarkable effects are produced without visible injury to the body or to the clothing that remains on it, a circumstance quite unexplainable with our present knowledge. When the clothing is removed it is generally not found, being probably rent into indistinguishable rags, but when it or portions of it are left the wind treats it in the most whimsical manner. In Iowa, in 1885, all the clothing but the coat was torn from the body of a man, this garment remaining almost intact; in Kansas a body was stripped of all save a collar and cravat.

LOVE VAULTS FROM A CIRCUS MAN'S HOME.

Peter Sells is not the only circus man who has seen Cupid in his act of turning somersaults. Walter L. Main has sued his wife for divorce. He is one of Ohio's best-known showmen and lives in a magnificent home at Geneva, but Mrs. Main refuses to share it with him, and is in California. She was Florence Damon, a young school teacher.



W. L. MAIN AND HIS WIFE.

er of Trumbull, Ohio, which was also Main's home. At the time of their marriage, in 1887, Main was a poor country lad, whose natural bent was the training of animals, ponies and dogs. The year before he had been on the road giving performances in a small, round-top tent, and had met with enough success to encourage him to launch out again in a similar enterprise. His wife made and was in charge of the wardrobes, and took tickets at the tent entrance. Main made half a million in the business in fifteen years. Up to 1890 Mrs. Main traveled with her husband, who can not understand her present actions.

Weather Wit.

"What makes your hands so cold this morning, dear?"

"Oh, I suppose I should call it 'winter's icy grip,' since I've been shaking with the cold."—Judge.

The Mayor Who Couldn't Spell "If."

During the several terms that Tim Campbell served in congress he was always prominent before the house. One of his colleagues from Manhattan was Colonel Jack Adams, who, a lawyer, while he and Mr. Campbell were in congress together spent most of his time working off practical jokes at the expense of the east side statesman. Tim had been in and out of Tammany Hall several times, those changes depending on whether his claims were recognized or repudiated.

A very hot political canvass found Tim one of the staunchest adherents of the Hall. Colonel Jack had had a falling out with the powers and was just as strong on the other side. Tim took this very much to heart, as his admiration for his fellow congressman was very strong. He concluded that, where all others had failed to bring Colonel Jack back into the fold, he (Tim) could succeed.

"Now, Jack," Tim said insinuatingly, "what do you want to go and fight the mayor for? Sure, he's a fine young fellow, bright and enterprising and one of the best educated men in America."

"Educated!" exclaimed Colonel Jack contemptuously. "Educated, did you say?"

"Sure, he's one of the very best educated young fellows in this city."

"Educated!" reiterated Adams, putting an extra dose of contempt into his voice. "What would you say, Tim, if I told you that he was so little educated that he spells 'if' with only one 'f'?"

"Does he do that?" responded Tim in a heartbroken tone.

"He does."

"Well, then, I have nothing further to say. I don't blame you."—Saturday Evening Post.

Dartmoor Superstitions.

In no part of England is superstition so rife as in the west of England, and especially so on that tract of barren land known as Dartmoor. One angler who had great luck on the river Dart discovered this last year. He made a big catch, but it was made on Easter Sunday. It consisted of 56 trout, the largest 1½ pounds and three of one pound each, besides several of half a pound, a phenomenal catch for the upper Dart. When he tried to have some cooked at the farmhouse where he was staying, the old moorland cook refused to have anything to do with them, deeming them "devil's fish" or "vishe," as she pronounced it.

Another superstition is that if one picks a piece of broom while fishing that one will assuredly be drowned before the day is out.

It is general for the moormen when doing a quiet poach when the streams are in flood to spit on their first worm for luck. It is thought unlucky to look into the water before making a cast. The most curious superstition is that if one is fishing and for some time catches nothing some one is wishing him ill, and the only way to counteract the "ill wishing" is to kneel or "sit on your knees," as they say on Dartmoor, and bite off the top of a young bracken fern. The fish then will be found to bite with most peculiar and surprising avidity.

Disappointed the Farmer.

"That city man that was visiting me is an overrated cuss," remarked the farmer.

"How so?"

"Oh, the papers all said he was a great hand at watering stock, but I found he couldn't work the pump five minutes without laming his arm."—Chicago Post.

ALUM IN FOOD.

How Can the Danger Be Avoided?

The reported cases of poisoning from the use of alum baking powder have awakened the public to the serious danger which menaces the health of the people of this country in the numerous alum powders which are urged upon consumers.

Generally, alum powders may be known from the price at which they are sold, or from the fact that they are accompanied by a gift, or are disposed of under some scheme. The alum powder costs but a few cents a pound to make, and is often sold at twenty or twenty-five cents a pound; sometimes as low as ten cents.

It is impossible to name all the alum powders in the market, but any baking powder sold at a low price or advertised as costing much less than the well-known, high-class powders, or accompanied by a present, or disposed of under any scheme, is of this class, detrimental to health and to be avoided.

These facts should incline consumers to turn a deaf ear to all importunities to buy the inferior powders. The wise housekeeper will decline in all cases to take them.

Methods of Curing Jungle Fever.

I got over my attack, but it was a marvel that I did. One morning my doctor told me there was scarcely a drop of blood left in my body. He then gave me 49 grains of calomel, and in the evening, as the fever was still raging, he ordered me to be taken out to the yard of my quarters, laid on a bare rattan couch and buckets of cold water thrown over me for about 20 minutes! I was then put back to bed and fortunately fell asleep for several hours. After some weeks on the sick list, I was able to return to my post at Korogalle.—"Fifty Years in Ceylon."

Arizona Forests.

Arizona is supposed to be almost an unbroken desert, but in reality it has the largest unbroken pine forest in the United States, covering an area of over 8,000 square miles. This timber is usually found at an altitude of between 5,500 and 7,500 feet. The total quantity of pine timber fit for sawing purposes within the boundaries of the territory amounts to 10,000,000,000 feet, which can supply the needs of a populous state for more than a century.

Letters Proving

Positively that there is no
Medicine for Woman's Ills
Equal to Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound.

PROFUSE PERIODS.

"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound about three months ago, and cannot express the wonderful good it has done me. Menstruations were so profuse as to leave me very weak for some time after.

Was also troubled with leucorrhoea, tired feeling, bearing-down sensation, pain across the back and thighs. I felt as though there was a heavy weight in my stomach all the time. I have taken two bottles of the medicine, and now have better health than I have had for four years."

Mrs. LIZZIE DICKSON HODGE,
Avalon, Ohio.

CHANGE OF LIFE.

"I was taken sick five years ago with 'The Grippe,' and had a relapse and was given up by the doctor and my friends. Change of Life began to work on me. I flowed very badly until a year ago, then my stomach and lungs got so bad, I suffered terribly; the blood went up in my lungs and stomach, and I vomited it up. I could not eat scarcely anything. I cannot tell what I suffered with my head. My husband got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and before I had taken half of it I began to improve, and to-day I am another woman. The Pinkham's medicine has saved my life. I cannot praise it enough."

M. A. DENSON, Millport, N. Y.

\$5000 will be paid if this testimonial is not genuine.
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

THE HOTEL CHECK PROBLEM

A Question of Whether to Offend Guests or Risk Losing Money.

The hotel clerk was standing behind the desk, with a disconsolate look on his face.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend. "Matter?" said the clerk. "Why, it's the same old story. I've been stuck for another check. This check business causes us hotel clerks more trouble than anything else in the world. There is a general rule in hotels that no checks shall be cashed, but very often travelers run short of money. It is good business policy to cash these checks when you can be sure that they're all right. No hotel can afford to be continually offending guests. At the same time, if a clerk cashes a bad check he has to stand the loss.

"The average hotel clerk has learned by bitter experience to be a pretty good judge of human nature, but every now and then he slips up. Only a week ago a big, splendid looking fellow came to me and got me to cash a check for \$20. I sized him up and decided that he was all right and that he was a good man to keep among the steady patrons of the hotel. A few days later back came the check, with 'No funds' marked across it. The result was that I was out \$20."

While the clerk was talking a swagging looking woman came up to the desk and, smiling sweetly at the clerk, said:

"Will you please cash this little check?"

The clerk was all graciousness. He took the check and examined it carefully without saying anything.

"Oh, it's all right," said the woman. "Of course, if you don't want to cash it you needn't. Mr. So-and-so knows me quite well, and you can telephone him about it if you want to, but it would save me a great deal of trouble if you could cash it for me now."

"Certainly, madam," said the clerk, and then he went over and held a consultation with the cashier.

They decided that the woman was a good investment and gave her the money. She went away smiling, and then the clerk said:

"Now, there is just about an even money chance. If I hadn't cashed that check, she would have been highly insulted and would have talked about this hotel as long as she could remember. If she is all right, she will be a good customer, but if she isn't I am out another \$25."—New York Sun.

Not an Educated Dog.

In the "Floresta Espanola" of Melchior de Santa Cruz the author has an anecdote of Cardinal Pedro Gonzalez. That prelate noticed that one of the priests in his retinue, a Biscayan, carried a short sword under his cloak. The cardinal reproved him and told him that it was wrong for a cleric to carry arms. The Biscayan replied that he carried the weapon to defend himself if he were attacked by a dog. The cardinal said that in case he saw a dog running at him he should begin to recite from the gospel of St. John. The priest acknowledged that this was a good way, but held to the dagger, "because there are some dogs who do not understand Latin."

Stops the Cough

and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm guaranteed for Croup.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Take Garfield Tea for constipation; it has this to recommend it: it is made from health-giving herbs and it surely cures.

Womanly "Tenderness."

"Don't talk to me of the tenderness of woman's heart," said the man who hates women, though he has never been married. "She hasn't any. I was traveling recently on a through train to New York from the west, and in the morning, just after most of us had dressed and were sitting in the end of the car, the conductor came and called two men away. One of them belonged to an intelligent and well dressed woman sitting opposite me, and when he came back she asked him what the conductor wanted.

"Why," said the man seriously, 'the man in lower 8 has been found dead.' 'The woman's eyes widened, and I thought she was going to say something sweet and sympathetic, but she didn't. What she said was:

"Why, how thoughtless of him, in a car with all these women too!" "Don't talk to me about women."

Force of Habit.

One of the neatest arrests on record was effected by a policeman near Bourne, England, not long ago. Suspecting two men of being deserters, he stepped up behind them and called out sharply, "Attention!" Taken unawares, the men sprang to position in true military style, only to find themselves the next moment in the arms of the law.

As to Gushers.

"My dear," said a careful mother to her daughter, "don't gush."

"Very well, mamma," replied the dutiful girl, "but you know that in the oil regions it is the gushing wells that are thought the most of."

"But you must also bear in mind that it is the unrefined oil which rushes."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

The typical Moro is never unarmed. He fights equally well on foot, on horseback, in his fleet war canoe or in the water, for he swims like a fish and dives like a penguin.

Before the discovery of sugar drinks were sweetened with honey.

CONGRESSMAN BOTKIN'S RECOVERY.

[Suffered Twenty-five Years.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 1, 1898. Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, O.:

My Dear Doctor—It gives me pleasure to certify to the excellent curative qualities of your medicines, Peruna



Hon. J. D. Botkin,
Congressman-at-Large from Kansas.

and Manalin. I have been afflicted, more or less, for a quarter of a century with catarrh of the stomach and constipation; a residence in Washington has increased these troubles.

A few bottles of your medicines have given me almost complete relief, and I am sure that a continuation of their use will effect a permanent cure.

Peruna is surely a wonderful remedy for catarrhal affections.

J. D. Botkin.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING When you take Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

Got Grip? Try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm

Simplicity, strength and purity combined in Garfield Tea, the herb medicine that cures constipation and liver troubles.

The eloquent argument of a woman's eyes doesn't make a great deal of noise, but it's mighty effective.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm saves Doctor Pills

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Hartman

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 22 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. M. Kline, Ltd., 951 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets

the remedy that cures a cold in one day

All first-class dealers sell Gilt Edge

Whiskey because of its purity and excellence, and those that have tried it will use no other. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Sole proprietors for U. S. A.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Best Cough Syrup. Takes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

THE TABLET

GUARANTEED TO CURE all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, colic, moon, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, yellow complexion and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are afflicted. No matter what ails you, start taking CASTORIA today. It is a starter for the chronic ailments and long years of suffering that come from neglected bowels. It will give you relief in ten minutes. If you will never get well and be well all the time until you put your bowels in motion with CASTORIA today, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded.

THIS IS THE TABLET

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c. 25c. 50c. NEVER SOLD IN BULK. DRUGGISTS

GUARANTEED TO CURE: Five years ago the first box of CASTORIA was sold. Now it is over six million boxes a year, greater than any similar medicine in the world. This is absolute proof of great merit, and our best testimonial. We have faith, and will sell CASTORIA absolutely guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Get your box today, and get your money back for both boxes. Take our advice—no matter what ails you—start today. Buy a box of CASTORIA and you will bless the day you first started the use of CASTORIA. Book free by mail. Add: STERILIZED MILK CO., New York or Chicago.

When the Secretary of the Navy recently de-

manded more battleships, Congress considered his recommendations favorably and authorized the construction of several powerful warships. Protection is what our seaports require, and fortifications will not adequately supply this. Defense against all disorders of the digestive organs, such as dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, rheumatism and nervousness, is adequately afforded by that efficient remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Try it.

Why Be Was Deaf.

Scene: Stable of Scottish village inn. Landlord is busy repairing a piece of harness and is carrying on at the same time a conversation with the village blacksmith. Enter farmer.

Farmer—Look here, landlord. Can ye gie me a bottle o' yer best whisky?

Landlord—Weel, ye see, the horses are a' out, an' I dinna ken when ony o' them'll be hame.

Farmer—It's no a horse I want; it's a bottle o' whisky.

Landlord—Aye, but ye see, they're a' gild bit awa', an' it'll be late before the first o' them's back.

Farmer (douter)—I tell ye, it's no a horse, but a bottle o' whisky, I want.

Landlord—Weel, ye see, the beasts'll be tired, an—

Farmer—Gang awa' wi' ye an yer beasts!

Exit.

Blacksmith—Man, John, ye're gettin' as deaf as a doornail. It wasna a horse, but a bottle o' whisky, the man was askin' for.

Landlord—On, aye, I heard him fine, but he didn't pay for the last bottle he got.—Pearson's Weekly.

Highest Cross in the World.

The highest cross in the world is said to be that which caps the loftiest peak of the Harz mountains. The cross is in reality a tower, and it commands a magnificent view of the country around. The height of the tower is 120 feet, and it stands on a mountain 1,731 feet above the sea level. A stair of 200 steps leads to the top of the cross, but there is an elevator of which people may avail themselves who for any reason wish to avoid the long climb.

Buying Molasses.

She was newly arrived from the old country, and she went to the store for sirup.

"Give me a pound of treacle," she said to the grocer.

"Treacle?" repeated the grocer. "You mean molasses."

"Possibly."

"We don't sell it by the pound, but by the measure."

"Oh, then give me a yard!"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

In the Spring

The blood is impure, weak and impoverished—a condition indicated by pimples and other eruptions on the face and body, by deficient vitality, loss of appetite, lack of strength and animation.

There's a physical reason for this—but it need not be discussed here.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes the blood pure, vigorous and rich, creates appetite, gives vitality, strength and animation, and cures all eruptions. Buy a bottle and have the whole family begin to take it today.

"I was bothered with very bad sores on my arms and hands. Hood's Sarsaparilla being recommended, I got a bottle, and when I had taken it the sores were all gone. Hood's is the best blood purifier I ever used." W. E. WILLIS, Felton, Cal.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

RHEUMATISM

Caused by an Impure Condition of the Blood—How It May Be Permanently Cured.

From the Mirror, Manchester, N. H.

Although rheumatism is one of the most painful and dangerous of the many troubles which afflict mankind, it can be permanently cured if a proper course of treatment is taken. The real cause of rheumatism is the presence of acid in the blood and the only cure is to purify, nourish and strengthen this vital fluid. The best specific yet discovered for this purpose is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the number of cures they have effected in cases of this stubborn disease is wonderful. Mrs. S. D. Loveland, of No. 133 West Hancock street, Manchester, N. H., was cured of a severe attack of rheumatism by the use of this remedy. She says:

"Several years ago one of my knees was injured by a fall. About the first of June, 1897, rheumatism set in and at last got so bad that I could not bend my knee. It was very painful and I was unable to move about. I tried various remedies, but not one of them relieved me in any way.

"In the latter part of August, nearly three months after the pain and stiffness began, a friend, Mrs. Rothwell, of Everett, Mass., told me of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I willingly gave them a trial and experienced relief in a few days. I continued until I had taken three boxes and was able to bend the knee and go up and down stairs without difficulty.

I have since taken the pills a number of times for other troubles and always with good results.

"I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People many times. I have not learned with what effect they were taken, excepting in the case of two of my relatives and a young woman living in my family, each of whom was greatly benefited. I feel that I cannot say too much in favor of the pills."

Signed, MRS. S. D. LOVELAND. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of February, 1901.

JOHN G. LANE,

[Seal] Notary Public.

At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Price, 50 cents per box; six boxes, \$2.50.

How Horses Rest.

"Have you ever noticed," asked a Germantown veterinarian the other day, "that every horse left standing by a curbstone for any length of time invariably turns around so as to place his fore feet on the sidewalk? He always does it if the road on which he is standing slopes the least bit in either direction. This shows that the horse has a great deal of plain, common sense. He will not allow himself to be worn out where it is not necessary. If people only had his wisdom, there would be a great deal less sickness in the world than there is at present. When a thoughtless driver leaves his horse standing on a slope or at an angle of the street, all the animal's weight is thrown upon one side, causing strain, and if left long enough painful exhaustion. Twenty minutes of such an ordeal will fatigue a horse more than a whole day's travel. But when he is able to plant his fore feet on the curbstone it gives him a better plant and adjusts his weight more equally. Many of the muscular ailments from which horses suffer are brought upon them by being continually obliged to stand by the gutter side on streets which slope decidedly. A good driver will always seek to rest his horse on a level when possible."—Philadelphia Record.

BOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRAUT, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY!

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c. That Cough needs Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HAIR.

Its Profusion, at Her Age, Has Always Been a Wonder.

Over 80 years old, Queen Victoria had luxuriant hair, which had for years been a marvel. The court physician, following Prof. Unna's discovery, had treated her Majesty's scalp with a germ destroying preparation, which he had always kept secret. It is now known, however, that the remedy for dandruff, the germ destroying element, is embodied in Newbro's Herpicide, the only hair preparation on the market that does destroy the dandruff germ. Without dandruff, hair will grow profusely, and falling hair will be stopped. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect."

The chap who is extremely crooked often goes very straight to jail.

The Best Shorthand College.

If you wish to succeed as stenographers and bookkeepers, follow the advice of all the Official Reporters of S. E. and attend the GALLAGHER-MARSH COLLEGE, Parrott Building, S. E., Cal. Graduates have no trouble obtaining positions as none but competent stenographers are out of employment, and graduates of this College are qualified to fill any amanuensis' position very creditably. Board and lodging had for fifteen months. Life scholarship by month, \$10. Send for catalogue.

The Best Prescription for Malaria.

Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. Simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

For Consumption Try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.

It's an argument in colors that when a man is blue he goes out and paints the town red.

Contagious Blood Poison

There is no poison so highly contagious, so deceptive and so destructive. Don't be too sure you are cured because all external signs of the disease have disappeared, and the doctor says you are well. Many persons have been dosed with Mercury and Potash for months or years, and pronounced cured—to realize when too late that the disease was only covered up—**Liko Bogots Like**, driven from the surface to break out again, and to their sorrow and mortification find those nearest and dearest to them have been infected by this loathsome disease, for no other poison is so surely transmitted from parent to child as this. Often a bad case of Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula or severe skin disease, an old sore or ulcer developing in middle life, can be traced to blood poison contracted in early life, for it remains smoldering in the system forever, unless properly treated and driven out in the beginning. S. S. S. is the only antidote for this peculiar virus, the only remedy known that can overcome it and drive it out of the blood, and it does this so thoroughly and effectually that there is never a return of the disease to embarrass or humiliate you afterwards.

cures Contagious Blood Poison in any and all stages; contains no mineral to break down your constitution; it is purely vegetable and the only blood purifier known that cleanses the blood and at the same time builds up the general health.

Our little book on contagious blood poison is the most complete and instructive ever issued; it not only tells all about this disease, but also how to cure yourself at home. It is free and should be in the hands of everyone seeking a cure. Send for it.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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Beware of Them

There are two afflictions which perhaps give the most pain and trouble, viz:

Sciatica and Lumbago

Both disable and cripple, but

St. Jacobs Oil

is their best cure.

St. Jacobs Oil

St. Jacobs Oil

St. Jacobs Oil

St. Jacobs Oil

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

:::

—PACKERS OF THE—

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

:::

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.